

THE
MOCK MONARCHS:
OR, THE
B E N E F I T S
O F
HIGH BLOOD.

V O L. II.



L O N D O N :

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OF THE
BIBLICAL

HIGH BLOOD

VOL. II
PART I





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THE
MOCK MONARCHS.

CHAP. I.

SAWNEY settles his Estate. David and he
set out for Wales. Lose their Horses.
Buy them again. Discover themselves
cheated.



SAWNEY had no sooner
locked up his Son Robert,
than highly resenting his base
Treatment of him, (for as
the drunken Man thinks no
one so sober as himself; so the Mad-man
esteems no one so wise) he beat about for
Ways and Means to displace Robert from
his Title of Succession to the Remainder
of the Estate he had left.

He consulted his Lawyer for the Purpose; when finding by his Advice, that several Steps must necessarily be taken, previous to his Disposal of some Parts of his own, and the Remainder of what had fallen to him by the Death of his late Wife without Issue; he forthwith ordered such Methods to be used, as might enable him to sell, mortgage, or convey the Whole; and then, a Settlement to be drawn upon *David*; but subject to such Disposition, as himself should make during his Life-time, and in Default of any such, to *David* and his Heirs, paying thereout such an Annuity to his Son *Alexander* for Life, as he had therein mentioned.

He then sent for my Dame *Clutcher* and her two Daughters over to him, whom he placed in one of his best Farms, Rent free, so long as he should see fit; and having, as I said before, full four hundred Pounds in ready Cash at Command; about the latter End of the first Year of *Robert's* Imprisonment, *David* and his Master, leaving *Taffy*, and *Hannah* with her Mother, whom *Sawney* had impowered to receive and pay, and in every Shape to transact Matters as his Attorney, in his
Absence,

Absence, set forwards upon the Reduction of new Territories.

Every Man in his own Humour is the Way of the World; the Shoemaker to his Last, the Tinker to his Kettle, and the Tyrant to Blood and Slaughter. Evil Habits are not so easily dismissed again, as at first assum'd; so neither could these two roving Heads settle to Rest, having once engaged in a vagrant Vocation.

I doubt not but *Sawney* and his Man, notwithstanding their humane Deportment to Mankind in the general, were as errant Tyrants in their Hearts, in the imaginary Search after Empire, as a *Cæsar* or an *Alexander*, in their Way; or would have more scrupled the Subversion of whole Provinces, for the Attainment of a Mock Sovereignty.

They set out, I say, upon the Design of subduing *Wales*, having sketched out a Probability of Success there; from whence, *David* was to transport an Army, who, to save the Fatigue of a Land March, were to sail directly up the Firth of *Forth*, and to debark at *Edinburgh* at once and this Plan they had talked over, till it became so feasible, that they were amazed

they had not fallen upon it for their first Expedition.

They advanced as far as *Rippon*, without the least adverse Accident to incommode them, arriving there pretty late in the Evening; but the very next Day, being the Horse Fair there, the Town was so crowded with Strangers, that there was neither a Bed for themselves, or Standing for their Horses, to be procured, for Love or Money; nay, tho' they would have condescended to a Lodging of the meanest Class for themselves, yet could they not make Interest for the least Shelter for their Cattle: For being now both far more elegantly mounted than in their late Expedition, they could no Ways submit to the turning their Steeds into a Close, amongst many others, belonging to the Country *Jockies*, and their Chapmen.

They had traversed the Town from End to End, with their Horses in their Hands, till Ten o'clock at Night; when in a back Lane, (for they were resolved to leave no Place unattempted,) they might have a Lodging at a poor Blacksmith's, as they were told, for themselves; but as for the Cattle, no Room could be made for them.

David,

David, who was ready to drop with sauntering about so long, would fain have accepted the Offer, and have hung his Horse at the Door ; but *Sawney* regarded *Roscius* (that being the Name he had gived his Horse) at too great a Rate, to comply with it ; and under immense Perplexity they stood with them, before the Entrance of the dusky Mansion ; till a Fellow from within, having overheard Part of the Debate, (the Room being as full of ordinary Fellows as it could stick ; every one selling Ale at that good Time) came out, and proffered his Service, to hold the Gentlemen's Horses all Night for them, if they pleased.

Sawney rejoiced exceedingly at this Offer, and clapping the Bridle into his Hand, as *David* likewise did his, after promising to reward him well for his Trouble, they both walked in ; but had not stood long there, for there was not the least Prospect of Sitting, before calling for somewhat to eat and drink, they were conducted down a few Steps, into a Sort of Wash-house or Leanto, which most egregiously proclaimed the Unhousewifeliness of the Lady of the Fabrick ; but still not a Chair or Stool was to be purchased at any Rate.

Some cold boiled Flank of Beef and Cabbage, in a large *Welch*-Pan, with Plenty of brown Bread, stood upon the Bottom of a large Wash-tub, in the Center of the Place; but without either Cloth, Plate, or Trencher: However, these latter might be supply'd, and were so, by two large Hunches of Bread, on which they soon measured out a Proportion of the Flesh, eating this and their Trencher together; but as their Limbs stood in no less Need of Refreshment than their Stomachs, and no regular Seats appearing, *David* squatted himself down upon the Steps, whilst *Sawney* took his Station upon an old Brick Sink, at the farther End of this Refectory.

The Food, after so long a Fast, relish'd well, and the Drink, (muddy as it was) wash'd all down commodiously, and a Skin-full of it they had swallowed in a small Time; when enquiring after their Lodging, they were shewn into a little Cock-loft, under the Roofing, covered all over, Knee deep, with clean Straw.

Sawney inquired after a Bed, but they made use of no such Kind of Furniture, Sheets, or Blankets; but they might cover themselves over with Straw, they were told:

told: So that having nothing further in Expectation, nor willing to quit the House, and have all to do over again, they laid themselves down to repose, at the further End of the Straw.

It is not to be presumed they were long composing themselves to Sleep, which the Hum of so many People underneath them, contributed not a little to; but long had they not forgotten themselves, before they were awakened by a Fiddle, and such a Confusion of Noises, both Male and Female, speaking, romping, dancing, and roaring, that they no more closed their Eyes till Day-Light; before which Time, the Loft they lay in was so stowed with Occupants, drunk and sober, Men and Women, that the Drones of their Noses even stunn'd the Crash of the Instrument; and so stiffling hot was it, and abounded with such a Complication of Smells, that our Monarchs were both almost poisoned with them.

The Musick and Dancing being now over, and all at Peace below them, our Travellers had nothing left for it, but to join in the Concert with their Neighbours, and snore away with the Rest, for their Refreshment.

Late Hours at Night, for the most Part occasion the like in the Morning, which detained our great Men longer at their Lengths than they intended; for about the Hour of Ten they started, and *Sawney* would fain have arisen, and gone forth, for more Reasons than mere Suffocation; but perceiving the Pass to be so blocked up with Bodies, that he must have marched upon them all the Way; lest he should have drawn himself into a Broil, he sunk down again, till some Room should be made by their Removal.

It was near Twelve before they were able to descend; when having no Score to pay (for on such Occasions every one clears as he goes) the first Sally they made was in Search of the Cattle, and heartily glad they were, at not finding them about the Door; hoping, that the Fellow they had intrusted them with, might have obtained them a Standing somewhere.

At length, neither Man nor Horses appearing, they inquired of the House-keeper, where his Man was, to whom they had delivered their Horses the Night before? The Smith reply'd, he kept no Man, having much ado to maintain his old Woman and himself. *Sawney* demand-
ing

ing who it was, that promised to take Care of his Horses the Evening before? Answer was made, he knew nothing of him; he remembered they had Horses when they came to his House, but was ignorant how they were disposed of.

Sawney's Fury raging to some Extravagance, the Fellow told him, that in a Time of such general Confusion, there were many loose People upon the Look-out, to surprise the Unwary; and for aught that he knew, his Horses might be in another County by that Time; but advised him, to have both them, and their Keeper, cried through the Town, as the most probable Means of hearing aught of either again.

Sawney approved his Advice, and to Work went the Cryer, under the best Description they could give him, both Man and Horses; but all to no Manner of Purpose, not a Word could they hear of either.

They both valued their Steeds prodigiously, or now they were supposed to be lost, was there that one good Quality to be ascribed to any other Beast, which either of their's possessed not, to the Summit of all Perfection: So that the Disappointment grew hourly more afflicting,

from the Esteem they had worked themselves into, for the poor Creatures imaginary Qualifications; but having waited for the whole Afternoon, without the least Notice of the Cattle, till they were both fully persuaded their Keeper had eloped with them; that their Journey might be no longer postponed, *Sawney*, who had Store of Cash in his Pocket, took *David* about the Close of the Day, to the Fair with him, in order there to remount themselves,

They fought here, and looked there, handled one, and then another; till it growing almost Owl-light, they stopt an ordinary, formerly looking Man, with two good likely Beasts, going out of the Fair, as they imagined, with them. *Sawney*, clapping his Hand over the Withers of the tallest of them, my very Height to an Hair, *David*, said he. Nay, he is turned so like *Roscius*, that had he but another white Foot, and a Blaze on his Face, one would scarce know them asunder.

No, no, replied *David*; the Tail don't answer at all. *Roscius* was close dock't, to spread his Buttocks, and this has a long Switch.

Sawney

Sawney demanded the Price, which the Countryman reply'd, was twelve Guineas, that being the lowest, and last Orders his Master had left with him, relating to it; in assuring him, that had it been earlier the Day, he should not have had him under Fifteen.

Sawney desired to see his Paces, which the Jockey put him upon, and which were exceedingly admired by him; so that in short, offering, at once, ten Guineas for him, which the Fellow rejected with a Pish, he clapt two more into his Hand, and took him.

David had, during this Transaction, been leading, and exercising the lesser Beast, to scrutinize into his Paces; and that he might be as well horsed as his Master, intreated him to purchase that also; for its Goings were so nearly a Kin with those of his late *Carley* (the Name he had before given his Horse) that he should ever admire him the more for it.

Sawney, rightly judging that his own new Purchase would prove but of little Service, whilst *David* should remain unhorsed, forthwith paid down seven Guineas for this too, and away they led them into the Heart of the Town, to procure Stabling.

bling for them ; not in the least doubting, but it might be found in Plenty, after such Numbers of Horses had left the Place, as they had observed to have been all Day leading from the Fair.

Having housed their Care, and purchased Furniture, they accommodated themselves with a Bed that Night, without Difficulty ; but the Room having been smoked in all Day, it stunk so horribly of it, that *Sawney*, whose Aversion to that Plant had been augmented ever since he had like to have been such a Sufferer by it, could not take a Moment's Sleep in it; nor is it to be credited that *David* could gain much, whilst his Master was waking. They therefore maintained a Discourse till Morning, and amongst other Topicks, falling upon their Nags, seemed highly joyous, in that they had succeeded so much to their Satisfaction; but now Day-Light appearing, nor inclining to further Rest, they arose without more Ceremony.

Not a Soul in the Family being stirring, they first concluded upon prosecuting their Journey forthwith, and then roused the Hostler ; and as they purposed breakfasting upon the Road, they would neither stay, they said, for feeding, or watering the
the

the Cattle, intending to procure them this as they went along, and that at their next Stage.

It proved a very hazy Morning, and on they jogged towards *Allerton*; they gave their Cattle Drink about two Miles short of the Town, where they baited both Man and Beast, to the no small Emolument of the Individuals.

Having put up their Horses, as they were walking from the Stable to the House, *Sawney* observing to *David*, that he did not recollect his Nag to have had a white Foot before, till the Hostler was leading him into the Stable; *David* denied that he had one, of which he was very positive, he said, having examined his Marks so accurately, that it was next to impossible he should be deceived in them: But no sooner were they seated in the House, than *Sawney* again insisting that the Creature had a white Foot, and that before too, on the very same Leg that *Carley* had; the Debate thickening into downright Rage, at the Impeachment of each other's Senses. Whitherto their Fury might have hurried them is uncertain, had not the Hostler, in the very Nick, appeared amongst them, with a Horse's Tail in his Hand. Master,
said

said the Fellow to *Sawney*, I wish you would come and instruct me how to fasten your Horse's Tail on; for in rubbing him over, I have plucked it off, and have no Notion how to replace it.

Sawney insisted it could be neither of their Nags that had dropt a Tail; but the Fellow persisting in his Story, was so enraged, that he ran to the Stable to bring out the Horse to them, whilst they, as impatient of the Man's Report, pursued him for their own Satisfaction; but no sooner had they cast their Eyes upon the docked Rump of *Sawney's* Beast, than they both called out together, it was *Roscius*; or were they by any Means to be perswaded it was the Horse *Sawney* rode thither upon; but conjectured, that the Rascal that had stolen him could not be far off; and that he had only topt that Tail upon him, that he might not be detected, should either of them chance to see the Horse in their Travels.

The Hostler still maintaining *Roscius* to be the very Gelding that *Sawney* rode into their Yard upon that Morning, he ordered him to be led out, that he might examine him more narrowly; when both Master and Man, now the Tail was off, confessed,

confessed, they could almost have sworn to *Roscius* in that Beast; but that he had another white Leg behind, and a large Blaze down his Face; whereas, little more than a plain Star appeared on this.

As for that Master, said the Hostler, he may have been stained, perhaps; but we'll soon see that: Then, with his Apron, giving his Face a Wipe or two, off came sufficient of the Covering, to lay the Blaze in so fair a Light, that neither Master or Man would have been longer at a Stand to have found *Roscius*, had he but had three white Legs.

Whilst they two were discoursing the Point, the Hostler having had such Success at his Forehead, with a Pail of Water that stood by, also rubbing his Legs, produced another white one, which put the Matter past all Dispute.

This in great Measure accounting for the Change in *David's Carley*, upon the Experiment, he proving the very same too, they perceived they were Masters of the very Cattle they set out with, and that *Sawney* had been bitten out of nineteen Guineas by the Fraud.

C H A P. II.

Overtaken by a Storm. Almost routed at Mother Cramp's. Force of Gold. Sawney's Compliments. Dame Cramp and her Son Edgar in great Tribulation. Recovered. Their Supper. David's dismal Catastrophe.

OUR Schemists prosecuted their Journey through *Yorkshire*, to *Derbyshire*; where, as nothing material befel them, we shall resume our Narrative on the Confines of *Derbyshire*, near the Town of *Bamford*.

It had been a very hot and sultry Day, when, within a few Miles of the End of their Stage, the Sky overcasting, and the Evening louring, at Length, such a Deluge of Rain descended, in perfect Torrents from the Heavens, as had scarce been seen by the oldest Man living; and this was accompanied with such loud, and repeated Thunder-Claps, and surprizing Lightning, as not only amazed our Royal Companions, but so terrified the poor Cattle also, that growing altogether unmanageable,

vernable, they fled towards a neighbouring Wood for Shelter.

The Beasts proving so headstrong, as to have quitted all Submission to their Riders, who were now compelled to give Way to the Impetus they were carried on with ; they expected no less, than, if the Fury of their Steeds should not subside amongst the Trees, to be instantly torn to Pieces there.

It happened, the most luckily in Life for them, that whilst they struggled with these dismal Apprehensions, *Sawney* turning up the Balls of his Eyes for superior Assistance, spied, in an hollow Bottom, amidst surrounding Hills, a small Mud Cottage, whose squat Dimensions, and humble Situation, screening it from the Violence of the impending Tempest, might not only prove a safe Asylum from the Wind's Impetuosity, but also, a most comfortable Shelter against the descending Inundation, which threatened little less than the total overwhelming of Man and Beast.

Never sure was Royalty clouded over with more distressful Circumstances (three powerful and unconquerable Enemies to cope with) the Wind, the Water, and the Lightning ; with a Fourth in View, of the
Wood,

Wood, which should the Cattle once have entered, upon the Speed they were then prosecuting, must have proved equally fatal to them.

Sawney, as I said, having fixed his Hope upon this diminutive Mansion, laboured, with Might and Main, at the near Rein; not that he might put a Stop to the Speed of his Beast, but only to direct him to this, instead of the Wood he so dreaded.

What mortal Object must not yield to the superior Force of a manly Resolution! he brought him, by Dint of Strength, to his proper Bearing; and then giving him a Loose, he even flew to this Place of Safety, whilst *Carley*, who never flinched at the boldest Exercise in Company of *Roscious*, tacking also about, came up with him.

Neither Master or Man could have been wetter, had they been soaked in a River all Night: So that the Hut Door being shut, they kept their Seats on their Horses, whilst *Sawney*, with the But End of his Whip, beat the Shammade against the Portal, to rouse the Attention of the Inhabitants; but had not long laboured there, before a swinging lusty Fellow, raw boned, and strong set, came out; to whom *Saw-*

ney

they put the Question, Whether he could lodge them that Night? I'se know not, not I, said he; but I'll call my Mauther; and shut the Door upon them again.

The Fellow not returning so soon as they could have wished, *Sawney* dismounted, and raising the Latch, led his Horse directly into the House, out of the Weather, as also did *David* after him; and glad they were, that they had (tho' but an homely one) a dry Being over their Heads again; but their Joys were barely momentary: For the good Woman, preceding her Son into the Room to them; at the Sight both of Men and Horses in the Kitchen she had just cleaned out, and those all dropping so with Wet, that the Room was almost of a Float with it, began to wind up her Pipe to some of its highest pinch Notes; with the Shrillness of which, ejected from so shocking an Instrument, she caused both Master and Man to lament their having shifted their Stations from the elementary, to the artificial Hurricane, which then threatened them with far more dire Effects than that had prognosticated.

The good Woman, perceiving that her Tongue would not prevail for the Departure

ture of her new Guests, ran to the Fire, whence snatching a burning Brand, she thrust it directly up the Nose of *Roscus* with one Hand, whilst with the other, she dispensed her Favours by the Tongs upon *David's* Scull, with so little Remorse and Commiseration, that it was no less than a Miracle his Brains should have escaped in the Encounter.

David being a Man of Temper, bore his Injury with far more Serenity than *Roscus* could ; who, impatient of the Affront, retreating with some Impetuosity, ran his Breech, and one Half of his Body, through the crazy Carcase of the Tenement, giving at the same Time, the Mansion such a Shock, that had not the Quarters, through Decay, given Way to the Violence of the Impulse, the whole Building must have come about their Ears.

This Damage done to her ancient Seat, exasperated my Dame *Cramp* (for that was her Name) to mere Madness. She threatned Law without End, and even the Gallows, to such Robbers, House-breakers, and Destroyers as they were ; vowing, she would have them out of her House, tho' the Experiment should have cost her her Life. She had had five Husbands, and
seventeen

seventeen Children, she said, but had never met with Treatment like this before, from any Man.

Whilst she was raving thus, *Edgar* (that being the Name of her Son) was most courteously assisting *Sawney*, to disengage his Horse from the Nails and Splinters, which, whether he advanced or retreated, stood ready to assault his Sides, and held *Sawney*, still dubious, whether another Plunge might not wholly have overset the Fabrick; till having, by the good Management of *Edgar*, discharged the Creature from all further Danger, and being sensible that the Woman had sustained an Injury by his Means, which might, consequently, have tended to the Subversion of her Copyhold; by Way of Compensation, and to demonstrate he meant them no foul Play, he clapt a Guinea into *Edgar's* Hand, for Satisfaction.

The honest Man eyed it, and turned it, and weighed it; but still knew not well what to make of it; till producing it to my Dame, who, in some of her former Husband's Days, had been (as she afterwards declared) no Stranger to such Sort of Ware; she snatched it from him with one Hand, whilst the Tongs fell flat from the other;

other; her Brow extended to Smoothness; her Tongue was confined to its Barriers, and her bent Knee expressed the Modest Curtisie in the most becoming Manner imaginable.

O! the Force of Gold! She ran for a Faggot for the Fire, mopped up the Water in the Room, tyed the Horses to the Bacon Rack, and sent *Edgar* for all the old Cloaths, both her's and his own, as a Shift for the Gentlemen, till she had dried their's: Infomuch, that *David* began now to be as much in Love with the Gentleness of her Disposition, as he had before condemned her Shrewdry and Rashness; and this he declared to her, (tho' it was the very first Word he had uttered since he had crossed her Threshold) by assuring her, that he esteemed her the Mistress of all Perfection. She simpered and sunk, and truly she was a little passionate, she must own, upon some Occasions; but it was soon over, and she had ever been looked-upon as a Woman of good Temper in the Main.

Madam, replied *Sawney*, undoubtedly, if any such Thing there is in Nature, you, who are so versed in both Extreame, must needs have the Command of every
the

the intermediate Stages. You are not to look upon us as Robbers, or of the baser Sort of Men; but as well meaning Strangers, driven under your Roof by Necessity, and Strefs of Weather; nor require we any Thing at your House, but what we mean amply to compensate for. Have you any Thing in the House for our Suppers? We must unavoidably prove your Guests to Night; for the Contention of the Elements still subsisting, forbids our further Progress till that is appeased.

My Dame *Cramp*, now the very Reverse of what she had been, declared the Concern she was under, at their not arriving two Days before, when she had fresh Provisions in the House: For that truly, her Family consisting but of herself and her Boy, it was not every Day that they dressed hot Meals

David, whose Stomach seldom wanted a Spur, demanded what she had by her cold, of her last hot Dinner? But the last Morfel of a delicate Sheep's Head had been eaten the Day before, and the last Sup of Broth for Dinner that very Day.

We may well admit this short History to have convey'd but melancholy Ideas to the Brains of our two Potentates, who each
could

could inscrupulously have cleared his Trencher of a Pound of Solids; or could the Expectation of a supperless Lodging be sustained, without the keenest Regret, by either of them: But my Dame having considered with herself for some Time, at length sent *Edgar* for a Piece of cold Pancake, which she was sure, she said, she had seen somewhere, of his own stowing but the Day before.

This, *Edgar* soon recollecting, produced, and set it before them; when it fared with our Travellers, as in most other Cases, what was wanting in Meat, was made up in Compliments: For the Modicum was so small, that as upon a fair Division, it must have been useless to both, so now began the Trial of Skill, who should enjoy the whole. I am assured, says *Sawney*, that your Highness hath the most Occasion for it; therefore, good my Lord, make no Words about it.

What? said *David*, can your Majesty imagine I should prefer any private Benefit of my own to your Royal Emolument? No, my Liege, when by Destiny we are driven to a single Mouthful, tho' I was to perish for lack of it, I beseech you, let that be my Sovereign's.

Whilst

Whilst they were thus extending their complimentary Dialogue to no mean Length, poor *Edgar* and my Dame trembled, as under a Paroxysm of the Quartan Ague. They changed as white as a Curd, or had either of them Power to wag a Foot from their Fixtures; till *David* rising with his Back towards them, to insist that his Master should eat the Pancake, and by his Body obscuring them from *Sawney's* Sight; my Dame first, and then her Son, slipping out, quitted the House for the Yard; and notwithstanding it rained still, as if Heaven and Earth would have met, there they both stood, dreading the Consequences, which they both judged must necessarily ensue, from my Dame's Behaviour to such noble Personages.

Edgar lamented their Fate, in such Expressions of his Sorrow, as extended only to sighing and groaning; for he was very unapt for Weeping; but my Dame so blubbered, and sobbed, that her Guests, who had caught the Sound, were not a little amazed at it; suspecting that some sudden Accident must have befallen her: When both starting up, and following the Sound to the Door, they soon became Spectators of the deplorable Anguish of

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their Hostess, and her Boy, as she called him ; both of whom they comforted, though, as yet, they were not perfect in the Cause of their Sorrow.

Sawney intreated them to return into the House, and lay their Distresses before him ; when *Edgar* falling upon his Knees in the Mud, humbly besought him for the Life of his poor Mother ; as for himself, he said, he was ready to submit to the Stroke of Justice ; but hoped his Majesty would extend his Clemency to a poor unhappy Widow.

What is it you sue for ? Wherein am I requested to extend my Clemency ? said *Sawney*. In the Pardon of my Rebellion, added Dame *Cramp*, who have dared to raise my Hand against your Majesty ; but, indeed, I did it in Ignorance. I neither knew your Majesty, or his Highness, or suspected I, that such mighty People were under my unworthy Roof.

Arise, both of you, said *Sawney*, (for my Dame had by this Time dropt close by her Son *Edgar*) for, as my faithful Friends, I now receive you next my Heart. I pardon your past Errors, and, on your Allegiance, command you to come out of the Weather.

They

They both sprang up in an Instant; but for no long Continuance: For they were scarce over the Groundsel, but they were again both prostrate; my Dame at the Feet of *Sawney*, and *Edgar* before his Highness, intreating him to be an Intercessor for his poor Mother's Life; or would every Assurance they could offer them of Forgiveness, avail, 'till *Sawney* extending his Hand, first for my Dame to kiss, and then for her Son, had reinstated them in that Tranquility, which no verbal Expressions could have furnished them with: Nay, to render the Pardon still more firm and lasting, both the Sovereigns sealed it to my Dame, with a Salute of Amity; which intirely settled the Peace of the whole Family.

Edgar's Heart was so light, upon this felicitous Reconciliation, that turning his Eyes up the Chimney, in Gratitude to the Power which had wrought their Deliverance, he spied a Piece of Bacon, which my Dame had suffered to rest there for half a Century, as too precious a Morsel for her Family's spending; whereupon, the good Man roared out, in one of his loudest Trebles, I have found you a Supper, my Lords, I have found you a Supper;

per ; then clambering up, he had no sooner produced it, than my Dame, setting on the Pot, ran to the Henroost, and twisting the Neck of the first Creature she could lay her Hands of, she picked it, whilst *Edgar* had cut down a Cabbage, of which they had Plenty ; and such a Supper our Nobles had soon promised themselves, as need not have scandalized an Alderman of *London* to have assisted at.

They were now in a Land of Plenty, delighting themselves with the Prospect of rich Delicacies in Expectation ; but the Proof of the Pudding lies in the Eating of it : For all Things being now set forth, *Sawney* had made a long Attempt at dissecting the Fowl, whilst *David* erect, was gaining a Pass into the Hock of Bacon, but the most heroick of his Efforts could penetrate only Skin deep ; tho' it is possible he might have forced the Fat too, had there happened any in his Way ; but the impenetrable Lean, which had hung so long drying, having met with no previous soaking, would have bidden Defiance to the keenest Instrument, with equal Resistance to a Bar of Iron itself : So that his Highness's Strength failing

ing him, he submitted to own himself vanquished.

His Majesty had not altogether met like Opposition from the Fowl, which, tho' an Ancient in the Family, had at length yielded to his manly Resolution, which had divided it into many mangled Limbs and Fragments. He wiped his Face after his Labour, and recommended a Drumstick to his Highness, (for my Dame, or her Son, would by no Means be prevailed with to be seated) who having had so indifferent Success with his Knife at the Bacon, and presuming his Teeth might prove the keener Implements, at one bold Twitch of the Member through them, so clogged them with the Sinews of the motherly Bird, as to put an absolute Stop to his farther Proceedings, for a full Quarter of an Hour after; and until his Majesty had devoured both the Wings, the Carcass, and was making his Entrance on the second Thigh.

His Highness had never before laboured under so shocking a Disappointment. The Hock not edible, the Hen departed, and nothing was now remaining for his Consolation, but the Cabbage, which Sawney,

in his Zeal for the Fowl, had suffered to stand neglected by him. Well! *David* pleased himself with a Bellyful of Cabbage, at least, and had certainly gratified his Stomach with it, had not the very first Mouthful he took almost poisoned him, and put a Stop to the projected Delicacy: For my Dame, in a Dearth of Butter, had liquored her Greens, by Way of Sauce, with the Skimming of the rusty Bacon; which working upon him by Antipathy, set the poor Prince into such a Reaching, as had well nigh forced his Heart up.

The good Widow racked her Brain inordinately, for discovering some Supper for his Highness; but could not strain it a Degree higher, than to some of her brown Bread Panado, which she assured him, would not only be nourishing, but palatable too, when she had sweetened it with some excellent Treacle she had by her.

To this his Highness accorded, and to work she went; but it being Autumn, and my Dame not having been so curious in the Preservation of her Sweets from Insects, as she might have been, poor *David*, in the very first Spoonful, sup-
ping

ping in a Wasp, as yet not wholly defunct, the Creature, impatient of a quick Sepulture, struck his Sting so forcibly into the Gullet of his Destroyer, that, twinged with the Anguish, he not only blew out the Reptile, with the Menstruum it was conveyed in, but dropping the Pan at the same Time, spilt all the Remainder of its Contents upon the Floor.

The Part was instantly so tumified, as almost to stop the poor Man's breathing, and small Hopes remained of his Principality; for *David* but little expected to have lived an Hour to an End, under his then Disaster.



C H A P. III.

All carried off by a Flood. Arrive at Bamford. Recruit there. Mother Cramp's Notions of a Court. Edgar enters into Sawney's Service.

SAWNEY was so terribly dismayed at the Accident that had happened to his Highness, that he was almost besides himself; but *David's* Impatience was not to be equalled. My Dame put him into her own Bed, in her upper Story, and gargled his Throat with Vinegar: but he continued still in so lamentable a Condition, that she purposed to sit by him all Night, she said, for fear of a Change.

Sawney ascending the Ladder after them, was undressing, to occupy *Edgar's* Bed, on the same Floor, whilst *Edgar* purposed to nap out the Night in the Kitchen Chimney, in Company of the supperless Cattle, for whom a solemn Fast had been proclaimed till Morning. Thus was the Economy of my Dame's Family settled for the Night; when the Head of a large Receptacle, in the higher Grounds,

Grounds, breaking down with a great Fall of Waters, the Torrent rushed from the Hills with such Violence, that bursting through my Dame's Edifice, *Edgar* was near middle deep, before he could ascend the other Story with the Tidings.

Edgar had scarce rehearsed his Tale, which, of itself, had almost terrified his Mother and her Guest to Distraction, before the Fabrick itself began to totter, as during the Convulsion of a terrible Earthquake; or had *Sawney* Time to replace his Cloaths upon his Body, or *David* to rise from his Recumbency, before the Rapidity of the Current had tripped up the Building, and they perceived themselves all sailing away together with the Tide.

Their Consternation, at first, was so great, as to prevent a Deduction of Conclusions from the Accident; or had they failed thus very far together, before the Force of the Waters, dissolving the conjoined Timbers, and each Party catching at the Part next him, for the Preservation of the Individual, they were, by Turns, separated from each other, and, as the Wind and Stream carried them, cast upon the Sides of the adjacent Hills, where they severally

rally escaped the Wreck, with Life and Member.

Goody *Cramp* and her Son fared best, neither of them being undressed at this Juncture; but as soon as the Morning appeared, *David* upon one Hill in his Shirt only, and *Sawney* upon another, with only the Addition of his Breeches, alternately hollowed forth their Sense of the Catastrophe, in the most acute and deplorable Wailings; or was there the least Probability of rejoining Company, 'till the subsiding of the Waters had left dry the Interspace between them; each Hill being wholly surrounded with it.

The Horses being likewise swept away by the Deluge, no Conjecture could be reasonably formed of, whether they were living, or dead, or what else was become of them; but as no Place could well have been more ungrateful to them, than their late hungry standing, they might probably be the most pleasurably disposed, of any amongst the whole Company.

This Inundation, as it proceeded but from the sudden Fall of Rain, and the precipitate Discharge of the Receptacle from the higher Grounds; tho' it proved
most

most raging for the Time, was consequently of less Duration, in Proportion : So that the Morning setting in very clear and bright, the Waters were so drained off before Noon, that the Parties could join in the Valley, and communicate their Sense of the Disaster.

The greatest instant Difficulty was, how to procure a Covering for the two disrobed Nobles ; every Rag of their Apparel, both Linen and Woollen, Shoes and Hats, together with the whole Stock of *Edgar* and his Mother, save what their several Backs contained, being all swept away by the Flood ; nor must two such mighty Monarchs be suffered to expose their Nudities to the rude Vulgar, whilst but a Rag remained amongst them for their Concealment. *Edgar*, therefore, having both a Coat and Waistcoat, such as they were, contributed that to the dismantled *Sawney* ; whilst my Dame, stripping off her upper Petticoat, invested *David* therewith, middle high ; when happening also to have thrown her short Cloak over her Shoulders to sit up in, she covered up his upper Parts with that : So that, barring Niceties, the two Monarchs were now, all but at both Extreams,

streams, secured very reasonably from the Injuries of the external Weather.

Upon a Computation whereabouts they were, *Edgar*, who knew most of the Country, pronounced it to be three Quarters of a Mile from their late Habitation : So that having no immediate Tendency any other Way, they set out for a Walk thither ; tho' they admitted it to be but an hopeless one. But no sooner were they arrived upon the Site of their *quondam* Dwelling, than, upon a View of the Ground smack smooth, neither Brick or Timber standing, or more Trace of an Habitation remaining, than, in the Midst of the Ocean itself, *Edgar* burst out into Groanings, at a total Privation of those Hopes he had ever sustained, of an Estate at the Decease of his Mother ; or was my Dame a Jot behind him, but besprinkled the Toft with her Tears.

All being thus lost by the Deluge, there was no longer abiding for them upon that Spot : So that casting forth a last Farewel, they all moved, Cheek by Jowl, for *Bamford*.

It was by the meerest good Fortune in Nature, that *Sawney* had still his Breeches

on,

on, which, had the Building but stood three Seconds longer, had as infallibly been off, and carried away, as the Rest of his Trappings; without the Blessing of which, their Dominions had absolutely vanished, and themselves had been reduced to the Condition of Subjects again.

Now, though Fortune is frequently esteemed but a Jilt, by the major Part of Adventurers; yet, at a Pinch, she had ever acted favourably in Behalf of *Sawney*, by a timely Interposition, in the last Extremity; as in the Instance before us, of a general Spoliation; for having still his Cash remaining, what could he be said to have lost, which that would not replace?

At the Distance of about a Mile from *Bamford*, *Sawney* called an Halt, by way of Cabinet Consultation with his Friends, how they should behave at the Town: For the Figures both he and *David* cut, would but disgrace their Qualities: Or presented to him any Method of repairing their Deficiencies, 'till they should be arrived at some Stand; for which Reason, tho' it was still high Day, they came to a Resolution of moving no further, 'till the Dusk of the Evening might introduce

introduce them, unnoticed, to their Quarters.

This my Dame collecting as the true Sense of his Majesty ; for the better conducting of his approved Scheme, she offered herself to be their Harbinger ; that having secured them proper Conveniences against their Arrival, they might be less subject to a publick Exposure, and have only their Apartments to proceed to, at once.

This Method meeting with the general Applause, my Dame was dispatched away for the Purpose ; whilst *Edgar* remained with the Princes, as their Guide to the Town ; and, in due Time, ushered them into their Lodgings.

Sawney, in their March, could not refrain from some Excursions upon their present Circumstances ; nor were they, he told *David*, the first two Stars of equal Magnitude, that had been eclipsed at the Nod of their slippery Fortune ; but he doubted not but to shine with more distinguished Lustre, when the Veil that then shrowded him should be cast aside : For the Sun itself never shone more acceptably, to enliven the World beneath, than after the blackest Overcast.

Their

Their tedious Fast having rendered a good Supper the more necessary, the first Orders which issued were for that; which whilst it was preparing, Messengers were providing, both Horse and Foot, for patrolling the next Morning, after the lost Cattle; and proper Hands employed, in furnishing out the Princes with new Sets of Habiliments, from Head to Foot; *Edgar* and his Mother assisting, as the attendant Domesticks of these great Men.

They had given strict Orders, both to Mother and Son, by no Means to discover who they were, or that they bore any superior Rank: For that being in an Enemy's Country, and having suffered on that Score, in their former Undertaking, they were determined not to make themselves too publick, 'till his Highness should be fairly landed in his own Territories.

Edgar demeaning himself so far as his little Experience extended, with the most submissive Behaviour and Diligence, *Sawney* beheld him as one who might hereafter prove no unacceptable Member of their small Republick. Having therefore first discoursed him upon his Way of Life,

Life, and what Occupation he had most-ly busied himself in; *Edgar* declared, he having ever been a principal Favourite of his Mother, had received his chief Education at her Apron-string; which my Dame attested to be very true, and so handy a Boy, and tender of his Parent he was, she said, that his Fellow was scarce to be met with, as the World then went. He would fetch her Wood, make her Fire, and sweep her House; and in short, could turn his Hand to any Thing in an honest Way; but, poor Lad! what she should either do with him, or herself, since the unfortunate Loss of her Tenement, for her Part, she knew not; it being what she designed for his Portion: For tho' she had more, and elder Children, yet they having dispersed themselves into all Corners of the Land, were become quite Strangers to her; whereas, he had ever stuck by her, like the Smock to her Back, and was as good a Child as ever Mother was blessed with. Neither had she, tho' she said it herself (barring that she was now and then a little hasty) made a bad Mother to him: For tho' she was soon hot, she was as soon cool again.

Edgar

Edgar had here one of the fairest Fields in Nature to have watered his Eyes in, could he but have squeezed it out, at the gentle Character his Mother had given him; but she having finished her Tale, no Man, in his Way, could bestow more Encomiums upon a Parent than he did, even 'till my Dame herself wept at her own Commendations; and had not *Sawney* interposed, it's a Million to one, but it had at last ended in a scolding Match, who had best deserved the elaborate Compliments.

Sawney, observing that *Edgar* had not as yet been seasoned in any abstruse Occupations, could not but imagine he might turn out a very useful Hand, in Case he should be willing to engage in his Service, he rather choosing to have the new Making of a Servant himself, than to take one ready spoilt to his Hand.

Edgar, said he, you are sensible, by the late fatal Consequences of the Inundation, that your whole Patrimony is subverted, and that now it will become you, to set your Mind at Work, for a future Means of Subsistence. As for your Mother, Providence, which has conducted her through so many Scenes of Life already,

already, will not now, undoubtedly, desert her; but you are young, and should make that Provision for yourself in time, which may possibly, in her declining Age, enable you to be assistant to her too.

How shall you like the Court, *Edgar*? Let me have your Opinion of that; in Order to my setting my Thoughts to work somehow, beneficial for you. Tell me, I say, what shall you think of Preferment there?

Edgar, having scratched his Head, shrugged his Shoulders, and looked into my Dame, to gather her Thoughts of the Matter, replied; I cannot tell what to say to it, not I, an't please your Majesty. Mauther, do'st hear what the King says? —Why what would you advise a body to? ha! Mauther.—Why do'st not speak about it?

My Dame, who had all the while been digesting the Affair in her own Mind, answered, that she could not well tell what to say, not she; for she had heard such strange Stories of your Courtiers, that she could not well approve of the Employment.

What Notions have you of Courtiers? good Woman, said *Sawney*. In Troth,
an't

an't please your Majesty, replied she, no very good ones; for they say, they are so craving after Money, that there's no End of it; and then, they'll cut one's Throat with a Feather; and tho' they speak for others to understand them, yet never so as they understand themselves. I have heard the Names of many of them in my Time, vast great, and rich Men, as they called them; but scarce ever heard of any Good they did to others, or even to themselves. There's always some Plotting and Scheming going forwards amongst them, 'till they get their Heads cut off; but when did you ever hear of a poor honest Man's losing his Head?

I should think, if your Majesty would be so gracious, as to be so kind, as to give *Ede* a little Farm, or a Bit of Ground to employ him upon, with a little House to put his Head in, he would rather be bound to pray for your Majesty's long Life and Prosperity, than for making a great Man of him.

I mean not, good Woman, replied *Sawney*, to make him a great Man at once; the Care would be too weighty for him, and rather crush, than refresh him; but I would take him under my
 Eye,

Eye, and into my Protection, that I may provide for him, as his Capacity enlarges, and his Genius shall require.

What sayest thou to that? Mauther, cryed *Edgar*. I think his Majesty speaks very fairly; and what can a Man say more? What think you of that Mauther? for if his Majesty provides for one, only according to ones Genius, where's the Harm of that you know, Mauther, ha.

The good Woman, perceiving *Edgar's* Inclination to bend towards the King, and an high Life, would not, she said, dissuade him from it; but added her Advice, by all Means to keep a good Conscience, and not run Hand over-head into the Vices of the Court,; which she feared would be too many for him; especially, if he should study to be rich over-fast.

My Dame having thus consented, *Edgar* fell in with his Majesty's Proposal; and wanting but little Preparation, assured him of his Readiness to follow him, when, and wherever he pleased.

They stayed at *Bamford* near a Week, before the two Princes were suitably fitted out; their Horses were found, and restored, and a little Mountaineer, about
twelve

twelve Hands high, purchased for *Edgar* ; then taking their Leave of my Dame *Cramp*, and presenting her with two Guineas ; she having smacked her Son, given him her Blessing, and a Charge to be a good Boy, they left her, and prosecuted their Journey towards *Cheshire*.



C H A P. IV.

Attacked by Robbers. Edgar obtains a Victory. Great Encomiums thereon. Is constituted Master of the Horse. Discourse about his Employment. Acts in his Post. Sad Accident. Edgar absconds. Hue and Cry after him.

AS our Travellers moved but slowly, for the greater Solemnity of the March; the Sun was upon his Decline to the Western Ocean, as they were passing the Skirts of the Forest of *Whescott*; when, least they should chance to be benighted, they were putting on upon a round Trot; at which Instant, four Fellows and a Woman meeting them, the first of the Gang seized *Sawney's* Beast by the Bridle, as the next did that of *David*; but *Edgar*, who had only a large Oaken Plant in his Hand, in Order that he might avoid the like Salute, fell back, and by a well-judged Retreat, preserved his Abilities for a future Onset.

Sawney snapt his Pistol at his Assailant, which answering no more, than if it had been loaded with Dung, the Blow which
the

the Fellow then reached at his Scull with a short Truncheon, brought him headlong from his Horse to the Ground. *David* was too deeply engaged in the Defence of his own Person, to afford the least Aid to his fallen Master ; for his Opponent having seized one of his Pistols, whilst *David* had griped the other, they snapt and cocked, and snapt and cocked many Times, at each others Heads, ineffectually ; and might have continued that Sport 'till this Time, with such harmless Weapons as they were possessed of ; for no Care having been taken of them, ever since the Cattle's swimming off in the Flood, their Loadings were dried up to little better than hard Dirt, wholly incombustible.

Whilst these were the Conditions of the Battle, *Edgar*, who had wheeled about, with Resolution for acting upon the offensive, making a full Tilt, upon a Gallop towards the dejected *Sawney*, by a Swing of his Club as he passed him, laid *Sawney's* Antagonist sprawling ; then reining his Steed for a Tack, he again spurred on where Danger called ; when the Woman, no less active than the rest, standing within the Reach of his Weapon, she

she fell next. Thus ever on the Speed, at Arms Length, which prevented the Enemies grappling with him, had *Edgar* demolished three of them; when the two remaining Robbers, dreading like Fate with their Companions, made so speedy a Flight of it, that they were soon out of further Danger. *Edgar* then raising his Master, whose Senses by this Time were returning, and replacing him upon his Saddle, they made a forced March of it to *Whescott*; where, after the two Princes had recruited what Spirits had been exhausted by their Fright; *Sawney*, expatiating upon the Transaction, exaggerated the Intrepidity of *Edgar's* Puissance, in the sublimest Commendations of his Conduct; adding, what a Pity it would have been, that such innate Worth as he possessed, should ever have been entombed in a Cottage.

What a glorious Event then, added he, are we to esteem the Destruction of that Mansion, which, in the Consequence, hath delivered to the wide World so distinguished Merit? to the wide World, I say, as a Theatre only adapted to the Exercise of such amazing Prowesses. Proceed then, *Great Edgar*, continued

continued he, like thy heroick Ancestor, to furnish Matter for succeeding Ages, not only to boast of, but emulate; nor were it Justice to thy Valour, that the late noble Instance of it should pass without a Memorial ever before thy great Soul, to excite thee still to bolder Feats of Arms.

Then calling for Pen, Ink and Paper, *Sawney* having written a Commission thereon, and sealed it with the Muzzle of his Pistol, as an Emblem of the everlasting Love he should bear him, he delivered it to *Edgar*, as an Evidence of the Regard he had for him; but the honest Man having neither advanced to the Quil, or the Fescue, that Part of Erudition was supplied by his Highness; who prefacing the Performance with the Accustomableness of the Display of Princes Favours to the deserving, by a Concession of Dignities proportionable to their Worth and Demerits, began the Commission, wherein his Majesty, of his special Grace and Favour, and of his own meer Motion, had constituted and appointed his trusty and well-beloved *Edgar Cramp*, Esquire, Master of his Horse, and Grand Stand-

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ard-

ard-bearer of all his Forces, throughout his whole Dominions; allowing him as a Salary, for the better Support and Maintenance of his Dignity, the annual Sum of twenty Marks.

Whilst his Highness was reading over this Commission, poor *Edgar* had clawed a great Peice from his Hat, in Rapture at his approaching Advancement; but after his Highness had explained to him, that from the Instant of the Signing it by his Majesty, he would rank as an Esquire, and take Precedence accordingly; it is not to be conceived what a different Light he viewed himself in, to what he had ever before done.

Edgar, having pocketed his Commission, and received some cautionary Instructions, by way of Charge, for his future Behaviour in his Posts, *Sawney* extended his Hand to him, which *Edgar* smacked, with an Excess of Zeal for his Service: But a Day or two having passed, without a Call to the Duties of his Places, (for *Edgar* could not imagine, but that every Office must require some Duty) he took Occasion, upon being alone with his Highness, in one of his vacant Moments, to intreat a Disclosure of the Mysteries of his

his new Employments : For, if he had not mistaken, his Highness had read, as how he was Standard-bearer, and Master of the Horse. Now, as to the latter, he said, he understood what was meant by it ; but he owned, the First had puzzled him ever since he heard of it, for want of knowing what he meant by a Standard. He conceived, that by his being Master of the Horse, his Majesty had made him a Present of the Nag he had bought him ; but pray Sir, said he, tell me what that same Standard is ? For I think I am to bear it.

Squire *Cramp*, replied *David*, thy Magnanimity hath absorbed in it thy whole Understanding ; nor hath that afforded this a due Disquisition into Things. His Majesty hath not only constituted thee Master of thy Tit, but of all the Beasts of his Stables, for the Saddle, Draught, or Carriage, with ample Authority to command them, their Keepers, Coachmen, Footmen, Grooms, and Rubbers, for thy Use, equally as for his own ; all which, with Abundance more, thou wilt be acquainted with, when the King comes to be settled, and his Household established.

Again, said *David*, thou art to be his Standard-bearer. Ay Master, replied *Edgar*, there lies my Doubt, how I am to behave in that: For as to the Cattle, poor Things, I'll warrant I'll take Care they shall want nothing. Then pray Sir, let me know about that same Standard?

David, who himself knew but little what a Standard was, tho' he had often heard of the Name, replied, that the Standard being a Thing, he might observe, by what his Majesty had said, was *a—a—a*, what he might call a Standard in War, and belonged to the Army; as who should say, the Standard. But, I am to bear it, Sir, said *Edgar*: I think that is my Employment. Now if I know not what it is like, how can I tell whether I bear it or not? Yes, yes, you are to bear it, replied *David*; and highly proper it is, that the Person distinguished by his Majesty's Favour, should bear whatever he imposes upon him, and well weigh with himself his Capacity for such a Trust. Why then, replied *Edgar*, I should think it must be like my old Master *Tbreshers*'s Stilliards, and suppose it must be for weighing out the Allowance for the Army. Every Man, Squire *Cramp*, said *David*, must make

make all Allowance for Things in the Army, as a true Standard between Man and Man ; but it will be Time enough to consider of these Things at your Leisure, hereafter : For you will then have your Deputies to officiate for you ; the Principals, in these Cases, for the most Part, having little or nothing to do themselves, but to look after the Profits of the Places.

It was well hit by your Highness, said *Edgar*, or I should surely have forgotten to have enquired, what his Majesty means by the Word Marks : For, in my Opinion, as you read it, it can neither stand for a Man's Name, or for any other Mark or Sign, that I can bring my Brain to bear to. Why ? Man, cried *David*, your Salary is to be paid in Marks. There lies the Thing, said *Edgar*, what those Marks are, there are so many of them. O, ho ! cried *David*, I have good Reason to remember them, from a Fine imposed in my Juvenile-years, for a Misdemeanor I had been guilty of ; but no more of that, every Mark is of the Value of Thirteen-shillings and Four-pence. I think, said *Edgar*, that you read I was to have twenty of them. I did so, said *David* ; but they are your nominal Wages. Why ?

am I not to have so much then ? demanded *Edgar*.—Much ! Squire *Cramp*, ay surely. Why ? that is but as a Nut-shell, to what you will receive, replied *David*.

It is strange to me, replied *Edgar*, that if I am to have more, his Majesty should not have said so.—And have made you the Envy of the whole Court, replied *David*. No, no, Squire *Cramp*, added he, I'll let you a little into the Secret. You are as yet but a raw Courtier. You must take this for a Rule, the more honourable the Office the less is the Salary ; when your little Placemen, finding their Pay to be equal to my Lord's, they hug themselves in a snug Post, and look rather downwards than upwards upon the Great Courtier ; but then these have Perquisites, which, as they are unknown, so neither is there any End of them ; thence arises the true Courtier's Wealth, and you shall have some People able, from a Post of Fifty Pounds a Year Salary, to drop Guinea for Guinea with the best Peer in the Land : For take it from me, as a stated Rule, Squire *Cramp*, he that does the Business of an Office, hath full enough upon his Hands, to discharge the Duty
of

of it, without perplexing his Brain about Money getting ; whilst he whose real Office it is, considers little more of the Duty, than a sedulous looking after the Profits.

E Cod ! said *Edgar*, that's clean Sport, indeed ; so I shall have nothing to do but to receive the Money ; shall I ? Very little else, said *David*, save that now and then, upon publick Occasions, you must wait upon the King. A Man can do no less, said *Edgar*, to be sure he cannot. — And do you think, Sir, I shall ever come to be able to keep my Coach ? — That thou wilt, assure thyself, said *David*, and six Horses too ; but thou wilt not be willing. — I can see no Reason for that, Master, replied *Edgar*, when I shall be as rich as other Folks. — I'll tell thee, said *David*, thou wilt have the King's Coaches at command. — Good ! said *Edgar*, I take you right ; but methinks, it will seem a little strange too, for a rich Man not to keep his Coach.

Dinner being just then introduced, and *Sawney* following it, the finishing Stroke was put to the foregoing Dialogue ; which in the Humour they were both in, might otherwise have been greatly protracted.

Sawney, who as yet knew nothing of this Discourse, had observed how prodigiously *Edgar* was amended in his Behaviour, as he waited at Table that Day, to what he had ever before taken Notice of, and was telling *David* so in the Afternoon: But upon Information of what had passed between them, his Surprize vanished at once, it proving but a common Case, that a Man's Deportment should be regulated by his Prospects.

No sooner had Squire *Cramp* dined, than, as Master of the Horse, away he went to the Stables, where he ordered the Cattle to be fed; and *David* having assured him, that Men in great Stations acted by Deputies, he ordered them one by one, to be brought forth for his Inspection, and their Feet to be examined in his Presence; he next overhauled the Saddles and Furniture, where were some small Defects, as there were also two Shoes wanting, which he noted; and understanding from his Deputy, the Hostler, that the Pistols were too rusty for Execution, without cleaning; he ordered him forthwith upon the Employment, whilst himself made a Report of the Shoes and Equipage, all which were directed to be rectified;

rectified ; and that the Master of the Horse might not be deficient in Cash, *Sawney* intrusted him with a Guinea, to defray accidental Charges.

One of the Pistols being cleaned, and Ammunition supplied from the Magazine, the Hostler had fired it off, with a little Powder only, to prove there was a clear Passage, and had again loaded it with Ball, for the Holsters, leaving it upon the Horse-block, till he had done the like good Office by its Fellow : Then charging this also with Powder, he discharged it, as the Farrier happened to be bringing the Horses into the Yard.

The Beasts started, and reared a little, and after a Snort or two, grew quiet again ; when *Edgar*, who had nicely observed how the Hostler had managed it, (for he had never in his Days had a Pistol in his Hand before) snatching up the loaded Arms from the Block, merely to vie in Manhood with his Deputy, in discharging it, shot his Majesty's *Roscius* through the Head.

The Creature fell instantly, or gave he a single Flounce or Groan ; but the Farrier, who had so nearly escaped the Slaughtering himself, was not to be kept so silent :

For quitting the other Cattle, he made at *Edgar*, with all the Fury imaginable; when it was a Thousand Pounds to a Pip-pin, but *Edgar* had followed his Charge: For with an Hammer he had in his Hand, he had certainly split his Skull, had not the Hostler received the Stroke upon the Flat of a Shovel, which he interposed, as a Guard to the Squire's Noddle.

The Hubbub increased so in the Yard, as at length to reach the Ears of the two housed Princes, who immediately drawing their Blades, made up to the Squire's Defence, whom they beheld unarmed, whilst the Farrier was menacing him with Destruction.

The Indignity done to so superior an Officer of his Household, *Saxeney* took to be levelled at his Crown and Dignity; nor, in the least mistrusting, but the whole Multitude collected in the Yard, were the mercenary Troops of his Enemies, sent to oppose his further Enterprize; he began to harangue them, in the Person of their Commander the Farrier.

Notwithstanding the Valour of my own Arm, inforced by the Righteousness of my Cause, were of itself sufficient to crush whole Legions of my
Ene-

Enemies ranked in rebellious Order against my sovereign Authority; yet, for the sparing of human Blood, I now condescend to this Parly with you.

What Fury boiling in your Breast, great Sir, said he to the Blacksmith, against an unarmed Man, should hurry you thus to his Destruction? I know the Cause, and that being my chief Favourite, one of my Ministers, is Offence enough, for my Foes to conspire his Murder. Avaunt! Retire! And let your Master know, no Force can conquer where the Gods oppose. Lead off your Hirelings in Safety, whilst you may, nor provoke that Vengeance, which, falling on your Heads, must crush you even to Annihilation.

The Farrier, somewhat fearful of the Sword, but more so of the Threats of him that wielded it, began to state the Case in the Light. it appeared to him, of a murderous Design upon his Person, tho' Chance had diverted the Ball to the poor Gelding, which he then pointed to; and that for his Part, no Man could have entered the Yard more peacably than he had done, or have been less intent upon Mischief, 'till first assaulted.

assaulted by that ill-designing Scoundrel, — Where is he? added the Farrier. Let him come forth, and answer for his Behaviour to me.

The Farrier then demanding what was become of the Man who had shot at him, the Hostler called him, and every Eye was at Work for a Discovery of him; but *Edgar* was no where to be found.

By this Time the Fray growing more moderate, between the contending Champions, and *Sawney* being let into the true Meaning of the original Quarrel, he could not but agree, that the 'Squire's Carelessness, and the more pernicious Consequences that might have accrued from it, had been a reasonable Foundation for the Doctor's Repentment; but as Chance had directed the Injury to the poor Brute only, who was now no more, it became the Doctor to sheath his Passion, and pass by the 'Squire's Indiscretion: For that it was apparent to him, he could have no noxious View in what had happened.

Matters being now reduced to so happy an Issue; whilst his Majesty was raising *Vulcan's* Spirits, by a Dram or two of genuine Geneva, it darted into his
Head

Head what was become of the 'Squire ; but the most diligent Inquiry could gain not the least Intelligence of him ; so that *Sawney's* Grief was now diverted, from the Beast to the Man ; who, for his many excellent Qualifications, was prized by him, at the Worth of an whole Stable of Horses.

It was *David's* Opinion, and so he declared it, that the generous Soul of the Squire, unable to stand the Shock of his Majesty's Indignation, had prevailed over it's mortal Vehicle, for an Elopement from the impending Vengeance, which he might but too justly suspect would await him, for the Privation of so useful and necessary a Servant as *Roscius* had been to him ; not doubting, he said, but that, could the Squire be ascertained of Pardon, he would return to his Post, with all due Submission and Alacrity.

Sawney, wholly impatient at the Loss of so faithful, and daring an Hand as the 'Squire, promised the Reward of a golden Guinea, to whomsoever should first discover him, and assure him of his still subsisting Benevolence to him, and that his past Error should not only never
more

more be mentioned to his Reproach, but that it was already forgotten, as if it had never been committed.

This noble Reward excited the Diligence of each Auditor, who were at present very numerous; and away they flew, some on Foot, as swift as Swallows; some on Horseback, out-stripping the very Winds, to this, that, and every minute Point of the Compass, wholly intent upon recovering him, if he was still above Ground; but the ill Success of their Labours, and the accidental Discovery of the lost Sheep, must be deferred to the ensuing Chapter.



C H A P. V.

*Strange Discovery of Edgar wounded.
Drest by a Farrier. Nice Honour of a
Surgeon. Battle between the Surgeon
and Farrier. Wait for Edgar's Cure.*

NIGHT had not long dropt her Sable Curtain, to the Exclusion of distant Prospects from mortal Eyes, before the Scouts dispatched in Quest of the unhappy *Edgar*, one by one, returned to the Inn jaded to Death, with fruitless Fatigue from the different Routs they had taken: So that *Sawney* had now given him up for a lost Man, as to every of his future Expectations from him; when as *Sawney* was making his Messengers drink, and collecting the Accounts of their several Travels, the Hostler ran into the Kitchen amongst them, almost breathless, pale as a Spectre, his Hair staring upright upon his Head, and wholly disabled for a Reply to the several Demands of the Company, for the Cause of his Disorder; till after having for some Time laid his Head over his folded Arms upon the Dresser, he had recovered

recovered his Wind, for a broken, and interrupted Parley.

The whole Company closing many deep round him, were little less amazed than the poor honest Fellow seemed to be ; whilst he first uttered several distinct Groans, and after some half smothered Mutterings, not to be distinguished ; Mercy upon me !

What is the Matter ? *Robin*, said one. Have you hurt yourself ? cryed another. Let us hear what disturbs you ? added a third, and each one in order, was further proceeding ; when raising up his Head, I am a dead Man, said he, and down he dropt it again. Where is your Hurt ? said they all together. O ! here, here, cryed he, (pointing to his Heart.)

Upon this, they were proceeding to strip him, when pushing them from him with wrathful Countenance, I am not wounded, said he, but ——— O ! such a Thing — Incredible — never in my Life before — not a Spot — not a Spot — but I have tried it over and over. — O ! whence it can proceed — I cannot say ; — but never such an Accident — most astonishing !

The Impatience of *Sawney* and the whole Company, by this Time growing too important, to suffer his further proceeding by loose

loose Hints, they all pressed him to an open Declaration of what had befallen him. — My Hay, said he, in the Loft, is all alive. All alive! *Robin*, replied they, staring at each other, and then at the poor Fellow, whom they imagined to have lost his Senses. Why *Robin*? added they, what do you mean by this? That the Hay is all alive, answered he; for going as usual, the very Way that I have gone an hundred and an hundred Times, — only to give the poor Cattle a little Provender — all alone, and in the Dark too — according to my nightly Custom — I stuck in my Fork — when such a Cry issued — as — bless me — I can never forget. — For the Hay all around me — roared out so terribly — that how I came hither — I know nothing of it — but the Cry followed me quite to the House; — not a Bent in the Stable — I believe — but joined in the Clamour.

This Account of *Robin*'s had somewhat so shocking in it, as greatly surprized them all; and *Robin* insisting that the Uproar had not ceased when he came into the Kitchen, they one and all ran into the Yard, to listen whether they could still hear it; but they had no sooner stepped
abroad,

abroad, than they wanted no further Direction to the Outcry, for it continued very vigorously.

Company creates Resolution; for as Sticks (which laid separately, will not burn) will flame vehemently, in Partnership with others; so the Man, who alone, would have fled from his own Shadow, gains Vigour from a Combination with others.

The Step of one, towards the Scene of Disorder, drew on others; who preceeding the first Movers, and these again, pushing before them, they had at last attained to the Stable; when judging the Cry to be human, they called out, who is there? and were answered, as by one in great Distress, Help! O! Help!

Sawney, who fancied he had discovered the Squire's Voice in the Sound, was no longer to be restrained from presenting himself to his Relief, and up the Ladder he mounted; when the Hostler succeeding him with the Lanthorn, the Rest all followed, Man by Man; but what a Spectacle beheld they, in the Squire, prostrate upon his Belly, with a long Hay Fork sticking upright in his Buttocks! Nor was he able to turn himself ever so little, from one Side to the other; for that whenever the

the Handle of the Instrument swayed but a Trifle, either Way, the Pain it occasioned was most unsufferable, which kept *Edgar* as steady to his Posture as a Balance-master.

He begg'd most ruefully for Relief, and that it might be ministred by the Hand of his Master only; being well assured, both of his Tenderness, and Skill in the Execution; but it required no small Force to extract it: So that *Sawney*, who applied to it most artfully, was obliged to clap one Foot upon the Patient's Back, whilst he withdrew the Prongs from their Fixture; but such a Torrent of Blood followed them, that his Leathern Breeches were flooded, before they could convey him to the House for Assistance.

The Method they should proceed by for his Cure, was referred to the Farrier, as best qualify'd in the experimental Knowledge of Plaisters, and Unguents; who ordered him to Bed directly, and having tented up his Wounds, and plaistered them over, left him to his Reflections for that Night, under Promise of a fresh Dressing in the Morning.

The Joke ran very high for the Remainder of the Evening, upon poor *Robin*,
who

who nevertheless claimed his Reward, as a Compensation for the Surprize he had been put to, in discovering the Squire; this *Sawney* forthwith paid him, as also a Benevolence to the less fortunate Members, for the useless Trouble they had taken in the Search, that they might therewith drink his own and the afflicted Squire's Healths.

Edgar having been in such an Excess of Pain all Night, as neither to have gained the least Moment's Sleep, or Ease; and the Farrier not arriving in due Time in the Morning; *Sawney*, by the Advice of his Landlady, who feared the poor Man's Uneasiness should bring on a Fever, sent for a regular Surgeon, that the Squire might not suffer through injudicious Management.

The Surgeon came; but on View of the Parts so plaistered up as the Farrier had left them, refused to raise them, till the Operator who laid them on should be present; which tho' *Sawney* judged to be an unnecessary Scruple, yet in Compliance with it, he sent away for the Farrier, (tho' *Sawney* at that Time knew not his Occupation) whilst himself and the Surgeon discoursed

discoursed over the Squire's Case, and how the Accident had happened.

The Messenger, upon his Return, told the Landlady, that Goodman *Fleam* (which was the Farrier's Name) had been sent for to geld a Colt about seven Miles off, and was not expected Home till Evening. This, or at least the material Part of it, she reported to *Sawney* and the Surgeon; as that the Gentleman they had sent for, would not return till Evening; upon which, *Sawney* required the Surgeon to proceed without him; but he being a Man of precise Honour, begg'd to be excused, for that it was not in Practice amongst the Faculty, he said, for one to remove another's Dressings.

Edgar was all this While in the acutest Agonies, infomuch that *Sawney* would not be put off with the Surgeon's Formality; but insisted, that his Servant's Life should not be endangered, for a Piece of Ceremony; and that if he had no more Regard to the Miseries of his Fellow-Creature, himself had, and as Surgery was his Profession, he should never draw Breath in the open Air again, till he had applied somewhat to the Patient's Relief.

The

The Surgeon knew not as yet but it might have been a Brother Professor, who had been called in to the wounded Man, which had caused him to persist the more obstinately in his Refusal; but now, the Matter was driven to such a Crisis, that the Penalty appeared no ways proper to be incurred, for a Scruple of Form only: So that extracting his Instruments and Plaister-box, he uncased the Patient, and drew out two enormous Plugs from his Wounds; which (tho' he was very sorry he said, to condemn the Practice of a Fellow Member) he declared to be of little more Significancy to the Matter of Cure, than if he had still left the Prongs of the Fork there: For first, Sir, said he, to *Sawney*, they are so large, and have been stuffed in with such Violence, that I marvel not at the Pain the Patient hath endured; and again, for want of a proper Covering, they have so fretted the Wound, as to have occasioned an Inflammation. And lastly, the Composition is such, as I am an utter Stranger to, in these Cases.

He applied a Remedy, which gave the Squire abundant Ease immediately: So that from a Rack of Torture, the poor Fellow was transported to the Skies, at once;

once ; and so greatly delighted was *Sawney* at the Alteration, that he made the Surgeon a Present, and enjoined him to a second Visit in the Evening.

Edgar having enjoyed himself all Day, was now undergoing the Surgeon's second Operation, when in comes Gaffer *Fleam*, who having spent the whole Day Abroad, was by this Time passing mellow. He asked but few Questions below Stairs, e'er he ascended to the Squire's Chamber; Upon opening whereof, and 'spying Mr. *Probe* (for that was the Name of the Surgeon) at Work upon the naked Posteriors of his Patient, he ran at him furiously, and demanded who it was, that durst to uncover a Wound that himself had been called in to, and had made his Application accordingly?

Mr. *Probe*, who had not as yet mistrusted that Gaffer *Fleam* had meddled so far beyond his Buttreffs, as to have attempted Maladies in the human Kind, replied, that could he have imagined the Case had been his, he had not been so exact in his Morning's Proceedings; but the Event had soon demonstrated to him the artless Dabblers in his Application: Adding, that he had exercised his Skill hitherto, only in rectifying

rectifying the Damage the other's Error had occasioned ; but now, he should put the Patient under such a Course as he could justify, and submit to the Judgment of the whole Faculty.

Fleam, throughly Pot-valiant, replied, D—n all your Faculties, and your rough Judgment ; my Dressing would have made a sound Man of him, by this Time, had it remained on ; or could it have been removed, but by the Hand of a mean Scoundrel, unworthy the Ministration of Plaisters. Then giving the Surgeon, who was kneeling by the Bed-side, a back-handed Knock on the Ear, he measured his Length on the Floor.

Sawney, judging himself intimately affected, by this Injury to an innocent Man, acting solely under his Direction, attacked *Fleam* with a Joint-Stool, he till then was sitting on ; which gave him his Quietus, by his Brother *Probe*.

Well it was, that *Sawney* was not then girt with his Sword to his Thigh ; or he had undoubtedly committed Murder, in the Passion he was then excited to ; but both the fallen Champions at length struggling into Liberty, were by this Time released from their Stupor, and attempt-
ing

ing to revenge their own Cause: For having regained their Legs, they fell to it with determined Resolution, of trying which was the best Man, whilst their poor Patient's Back side lay bare, to every presenting Injury, without the least Regard from either; but Mr. *Probe* being the livelier Man, and mauling *Fleam* unmercifully, at length drove him to the Stair's-head, and by a masterly Trip, sent him Neck and Heels to the Bottom. Now Doctor, said he, go try Practices upon your own Members, nor venture more upon a Science that condemns thee for an Empirick.

The Bustle these great Men had made above Stairs, brought up the Woman of the House, to keep the Peace amongst them; where (the Surgeon's bloody Nose first claiming a Cleansing before he could proceed with his Patient) she found the Squire in the piteous Plight the Beginning of the Fray had left him in; so that having covered him up warm, and heard a Relation of the Quarrel from *Sawney*, no ways beneficial to the Farrier, in Hopes that all might be made easy, she retreated, to send off Gaffer *Fleam*, lest a second Battery should ensue in her House.

It was near ten Days before the Squire could support himself on his Haunches; and three full Weeks, before he was able to mount his Poney; and then, could bear but gentle Marches, upon a pillowed Saddle; but his Impatience for the Delay his Disorder had occasioned to his Master, would consent to not a Moment's Tarry, after he was capable of bearing the Fatigue of a Journey: So that *Sawney* having remounted himself, they then set forwards to *Wales* once more.



C H A P. VI.

*Routed Horse and Foot. Lose their Cattle.
 Arrive at Charleton. Hold a Council.
 Purchase Armour. David's Distress in
 it. Lose Sawney. Taken for water
 Monster. Conducted to Cholmondely.*

NOTHING worthy of Remark happened to our Travellers for several easy Stages, 'till they came a little beyond *Somerford*; where having entered a very narrow Way, between thick and high Hedges, *Sawney* marching in the Van, *David* in the Middle, and *Edgar* bringing up the Rear, according to their customary Method of marching, they were first accosted by a confused Multitude of human Voices, which grew still louder and louder, as they approached them; and just at the Turn of a sharp Elbow in the same Lane, by a Man, conducting a large Bull, decorated most gallantly with Ribbons and Flowers.

So unaccustomed a Sight, together with the general Murmur that buzzed through the Crowd of his Attendants, gave so unaffected a Disgust to *Sawney's* new
 E 2 Horse,

Horse, that he at once made a dead Point, to recollect which Way he might best avoid the presenting Danger.

Upon the Suddenness of this Stop, *Sawney* found himself just over the Ears of the Creature, which gave him such a Shock, that no sooner had he regained his Saddle, than plunging his Spurs into the Sides of the Beast, he rearer so prodigiously, that *Sawney* slid off from his Tail; when backing very furiously, the Lane being full narrow for him to sweep round in, he drove *David's* Horse with such Violence upon the 'Squire's Galloway, that dropping a Leg in a deep Cart-rut, down he came with his Rider.

The Concourse of Mobility behind, with a great Number of Dogs, in Strings, for the ensuing Diversion, at Sight of our Traveller's Overthrow, set up such a Shouting, and their Dogs returning their Masters Acclamations with such an intolerable Clamour in their Way; that the Bull, roused by the Expectation of what was to follow, rushing by his Leader, galloped over the fallen Members, and drove *David*, with the two loose Horses, before

before him, with the utmost Celerity ; whilst the mixed Multitude of Men and Dogs, in Pursuit of the Fugitives, bore under Foot his Majesty, and the distressed 'Squire, and, regardless of their Dignity, almost trampled them to Dirt in their Passage.

Sawney, and his Master of the Horse, being now left by the flying Squadrons, had but just regained their Feet, and entered into a Display of their desperate Fortune ; when lo ! from a-far, they beheld the so lately pursuing Troops, returning with ten Times the Precipitation they had gone off with ; so that dreading a Repetition of the like scurvy Treatment, they sought out for a Means of avoiding them.

Fortune, *Sawney's* fast Friend in Extremity, had placed a spreading Pollard Oak most opportunely in the Hedge, close to where the dismounted Monarch was then standing ; which *Edgar* 's spying, he besought his Majesty to mount it, or they were dead Men : Then drawing him into the Hedge, and raising him in his Arms, 'till he had caught hold of one of the horizontal Branches, he surrendered his Back and Shoulders, for his

Lord to ascend by ; whom having thus secured, himself, like a Cat, made but three Steps after him.

Our great Men were scarce well settled in their Harbour, before the Current of Men and Dogs, rushed under them, with such Impetuosity, that happy was the Mortal, whose Share of Heels prevented his Successor from bearing him down before him ; many amongst them being compelled to submit to Fate, without the least Remorse from their Fellow-members : For Father or Son, Friend or Foe, all fared equally in the general Consternation, the Tables being turned, and themselves all put to the Rout, by the Beast they had so lately driven before them.

At length, being all passed by with the Bull at their Heels, half frantick with Joy for his Liberty ; the Scene that succeeded cast a miserable Damp upon the Pleasure they were indulging over, at their own Safety : For in a little Cart with one Horse, which soon after drove under their Shelter, they beheld the bloody Body of his Highness stretched upon his Back, all dirty, pale as a Corps, and motionless.

Sawney

Sawney called to the Driver to stop ; when *David* hearing his Voice, reared up his Head, to enjoy the blessed Vision of his Master.

My Friend ! my Companion ! my very Soul's Life ! said *Sawney*, why art thou thus fallen, thus pale, thus bloody ? Relate to me the Cause of your Calamity. To whom the Prince replied, Great Sir, these Expressions of your Regard for me, together with my having recovered you again, whom my distempered Fancy had painted as languishing, or even dead by this Time, hath ministred a mightier Flow of Spirits to my exhausted Lamp, than could have issued from the richest Cordials. Alas ! Sir, I have sustained such Perils, as no less than a Miracle could have borne me through, to have laid me thus, living, at your Feet.

Sawney, whose Bowels suffered proportionably to the Tortures of his wounded Companion, begg'd a Relation of his Catastrophe ; which his Highness, to gratify him, thus began :

Scarce had I borne Witness to your own, and Squire *Cramp's* Downfall, before myself, and all the Cattle, were furiously forced up the Lane by the whore-

son Bull; and whitherto he might have compelled our Flight is uncertain, had not this honest Man by his Cart so blocked up the Lane, that we could procure no further Passage. The Cattle then facing about, the 'Squire's Poney first felt the Force of the enraged Bull; who turning quick, with his But-end to him, almost squeezed his Body flat against an adjoining Tree; then making Head at me, with Countenance intent on Mischief, by a full Horn under my poor Nag's Belly, I expected little less, than that we should both of us have been cast into this honest Man's Carriage: For up we mounted; but my Weight before overbalancing the Haunches of the Creature, his fore Legs grounding first, pitched me clean over his Neck amongst the Cattle. I fell upon my Head, which bruised, and sorely blooded it; but my first Surmise was, that my Neck was broke, till perceiving I could still reflect upon my Condition, I was beginning to cast about for my own Safety, when the Creature seconding its Assault, by great good Fortune missed my Flesh, but ripped up my Cloaths, from my Cleft to the Nape of my Neck, even to my very Shirt.

I had

I had then given up myself for a lost Man, expecting every Moment, one of his Horns in my Body; but by what Turn of Fate I am ignorant, upon rearing my Head for 'spying which Way I might benefit myself, both the Beast and all his noisy Companions had left me; when this good Man, taking Compassion on me, mounted me on his Cart, and is now conveying me Home to take Care of me.

Sawney was so affected by *David's* Narrative, that in Gratitude for the Carter's Beneficence, he tossed him a Crown-piece from his Perch; which being what the poor Fellow had not seen for many a Day before, he knew not well when to finish his Thanks for it.

David intreated his Companions to descend from their several Roosts, and as it might require Time to recover their Horses, to retreat with him to the Carter's, for the Benefit of their outward Men; upon which they came down, and took their Seats in the Cart by him, till in about half an Hour's Time, they were landed at a little House belonging to the Higgle who drove the Tumbrell.

Whilst two or three of the Females in the Family were occupied in the Repair of *David's* Apparel, and preparing an Hotpot for their Stomachs, some Fellows were dispatched after the strayed Cattle, with Orders to disperse a Description of them wherever they went, together with a reasonable Reward to the Person who should produce them; but no News arrived of them that Night: So that Master and Men, being all unhorfed, they were obliged to spend another Day with the Higglers and his three Daughters.

About Noon, the next Day, a Fellow arrived with Intelligence where the Cattle were, and claimed the promised Reward; which having received, he directed them to a Pound about seven Miles off, wherein (having been Trespassers) they were imprisoned.

Squire *Cramp*, whose Office more immediately led him to the Care of that Animal, undertook their Redemption; so that *Sawney* supplying him with Cash, he posted after them, and for about fifteen Shillings, Costs and Damages, restored them to their several Riders.

Whilst Squire *Cramp* was in Pursuit of the Cattle, *Sawney* and his Man *David* taking

taking a Walk to survey the Country, and wear away those Moments that grew burthensome to them through Inactivity ; naturally fell into a Recapitulation of the past Scenes, which had so lately affected them ; when *David*, most gratefully expressed himself, in praise of the superior Aid that had so manifestly interposed, between him and the enraged Bull ; and but for which, he must inevitably have fallen a Sacrifice to the Creature's Fury.

Your Highness may from hence observe, said *Sawney*, how far the aerial Beings interest themselves in the Concerns of Men. That Multitude, which withstood our Passage in the cursed Lane, where we received our Overthrow, sufficient by their Numbers, one would have thought, to have devoured us, both Man and Horse, were only the Scouts of our Enemies, sent out to oppose our Progress ; from whence thou mayst collect, how sacred Majesty is, even in the Eye of the foulest Emisaries : For, to speak my Mind, *David*, I am no ways yet persuaded, that the Army we met in the Lane were Men ; but some subtil Spirits, roused from their dark Abodes, through the Interest of our
Foes,

Foes, if possible, to divert us from our Enterprize.

Not Men ! said *David*. Why ? did ever your Majesty see any Thing less than Men, capacitated for every manly Function, with the Alacrity they shewed, both in Voice and Gesture ?

It is sufficient for our Senses, when they appear as such to us, replied *Sawney* : For few Things are, intrinsically, what they seem to be ; however, this we may collect from the Event, that Majesty is too sacred, even for the Touch of these malicious Beings, in that, notwithstanding their pernicious Intentions, not one of them durst personally raise a Finger to annoy us ; but maligning our Prosperity, as much as in them lay to distress us, they roused up even the Brute-creation, as their Substitutes, to that Purpose ; tho' even these acted but by Permission, as thou mightst well observe ; or wagged they a Tongue, or Horn, beyond their stinted Limit : For though the Plant and Wool which covered thee, were subject to Laceration from the Efforts of the Bull, yet, thou seest, that his Power extended not to the Damage of thy Body.

These

These Casualties may also be ascribed to another Cause, and are permitted to befall us, even by our Guardian Angels themselves; as a curb to the Aspirings of us Mortals, and to render us more sensible of the State of Dependence we live in; then they exercise our Patience, and summon up our Prudence, to extricate ourselves the more commodiously from Dangers; wherefore, it becomes not us to despond upon such Attacks, but more vigorously to struggle through our Difficulties, till we arrive at our Wishes Completion: For these are but temporary Assaults, which, like the blackest Summer Clouds, dissolving into sudden Showers, are soon dissipated.

In these, and the like edifying Discourses, passed our two Monarchs Time; till, upon their Return in the Evening, they found Squire *Cramp* with the Cattle.

Taking Horse the next Morning, they had now nearly passed through the Remainder of *Cheshire*, and were arrived at *Charlton*, within a few Miles of *Denbighshire*, in which County they purposed to have lodged; when *Sawney*, whose Voice was as an Oracle to the Company, and never issued in vain, called an Halt, that they might put up for the Night;
then

then having bespoke their Supper, he began to unfold the Course of his late Cogitations to his Highness.

Prince *David* ! said he, taking him by the Hand, Fate having conducted our Labours so near to a Conclusion, by the Approach of your Highness's Person, to the Confines of that Soil, whereon your famous Progenitors first received their Breath, and whence your illustrious Highness, their Descendant, claims your Title and Dignity ; it will become us to deliberate in what Manner to introduce you to your loving Subjects.

These plain Garbs, which the Confusion of the Times enforced our Submission to at *Bamford*, merely for Convenience, and the Concealment of our Persons and Pretensions, in an Enemy's Country, whilst it was our Interest to appear as private Gentlemen only, are by no Means suitable to either of our Qualities, at entering the Territories of your Highness : For, as is the Dignity of the Bearer, so ought to suit the Vestments he is apparelled in. Let us therefore fix our Quarters here immoveably ; till, like ourselves, we may be worthily suited, not only for striking Terror, but Admiration, into the
Hearts

Hearts of your Subjects and Countrymen.

David had only to signify his Approbation of what his Majesty should propose ; for that he, poor Prince, was to be wholly decorated from the Privy-Purse of his *Scottish* Majesty ; having been blessed neither with Cross or Pile of his own, since the late Devastation at my Dame *Cramp's* : So that having only started the Subject for that Night, they reserved the thorough Consultation upon it till the next Morning.

Now *David* persuaded *Sawney* to a Scarlet Cloth, all to be betrimmed with Silver Lace : For, he said, he had ever imagined that to be as rich a Dress as any. He recommended also a broad laced Hat, with a Feather of various Colours in it ; for surely, no Man ever cut a bolder Figure, he said, than Captain *Mercer*, when so set out ; and this he the rather advised him to, for that he ought, in his Judgment, to appear as a Warrior, prepared to fight for a Kingdom ; but, as for himself, he said, a Suit of plain Velvet would be best adapted to him, taking only a peaceable Possession of his Dominions.

As

As to the latter, *Sawney* had nothing, as he said, to urge in Contradiction to it ; but had still a Notion of some further Ensigns of Royalty for himself ; insisting, that in trimmed Scarlet only, he should no Ways be distinguishable from one of his own Military Men ; and fain would he have been invested in his flowing Robes again, as in their first Journey ; but that his Highness convinced him of its Impropriety, till his Advancement to his own Borders.

The above Apparel was therefore bespoke, to be in Readiness by such a Day ; and, in the mean Time, the two Potentates fitted themselves with Hats, and other light Accoutrements, and *Sawney* purchased himself a vast Tye-Wig ; but all that he could urge to *David*, would not prevail for sheering his sandy Locks, which had ever been his juvenile Companions, and were by this Time grown as bold, and bushy as ever ; or indeed, had *Sawney* ever conquered, but for the following Accident.

It happened, that a Day or two before their Habits came Home, *David* having been surveying the Stabling in their Quarters, accidentally 'spied at one End of
them

them an old Case of Armour, with the Head-piece upon it, mounted aloft upon an iron Stay. This *David* eyed prodigiously, for some Time, before he had the least Notion of what it could be designed for ; or had he till this Time unriddled the Mystery, but for the Information of the honest Hostler, who arriving in the Nick, assured him that it was a Suit of Armour, such as great Warriors were used to fight in, to defend them from the Cuts of their Enemies.

The Heart of this Son of *Mars* bounded so in his Body, upon this Piece of Intelligence, that he could no longer contain himself from imparting this Discovery to his Majesty, who was then pondering on Futurity, all alone in his Bed-chamber. Great, and mighty Monarch ! said he, I am provided for. I am provided for.

Sawney little gueffing what his Highness could mean, or what prosperous Turn his Affairs could so suddenly have taken, demanded an Explanation ; when *David* informed him of his Discovery, and intreated him to purchase it, for his Appearance in, upon the March into his own Country.

His

His Majesty, whose Gravity ever prompted him to look before he leaped, accompanied his Highness to the Stable ; where having himself also imbibed the History of the Armour from the Hostler, and weighed its Advantages, agreed with *David*, that nothing could have happened more *a propos*, provided they could but make the Purchase of it ; and that no one might interpose to the procuring it out of their Hands, *David* and he made instant Application to my Landlord for its Price, and that he would sell it to them.

The good Man, to whom it was of no further Value than old Iron, stood in Admiration at what his two Guests could apply it to ; but as they might be capable of converting it to Purposes he was ignorant of, looking with a very solemn Face, after assuring them he believed there was not another to be procured in several Counties about them, he roundly demanded ten Guineas for it ; insisting, that it was of such Temperament, as to turn the keenest Blade that could encounter it.

Expecting many Words to have passed before he had struck his Bargain, he had prepared himself for such Abatements, as
should

should have made his Customers easy ; but *Sawney*, who estimated its Value, by its supposed Utility, without more saying, clapping the Cash into his Hand, gave his Highness Joy of his Acquest, and ordered it into the House to them directly.

My Landlord, laughing in his Sleeve, obeyed them ; but when it was placed upright on the Table before them, the Struggle was, how his Highness should put it on : For he was so impatient for the Investiture of this new Ornament, as not even to tolerate so necessary a Delay, as till he might find the Way into it. He eyed it round and round, Back and Front, all over Dust and Cobwebs as it was ; but neither himself, or *Sawney*, could puzzle out how to incase him in it ; till laying it along on the Table, he verily thought he had done it, by several bold Attempts he made to creep in at the lower End of it, till he had reduced himself to a Pickle with Nastiness, most derogatory from Sovereignty ; but all without Effect ; at length, by some of my Landlord's Experience, having opened the Back-side of it, he entered, when the same Hand clasping him in, he was satisfied ; and then, my
Land-

Landlord having left some further Instructions for the Head-piece, he retired.

Sawney, having at last inclosed *David's* Head in the Helmet, several Years Collection of Dust in it was set on Float by his breathing there ; which stuffing up his Nose and Mouth, not only almost stifled him, but prevented even his crying out, lest he had been quite choaked by it.

Sawney, who was greatly delighted with the Appearance he made, led him up to a Glass at the upper End of the Room, that he might behold the warlike Figure he cut in his new Dress ; but though there were several Holes appropriated, as *Sawney* imagined, for Vision, they being entirely closed up with Dust and Rubbish, his Highness received no more Benefit of Light in his Shell, than an Oyster ; of which, taking Courage to complain, *Sawney*, in mere Zeal for his Service, had soon well nigh condemned him to perpetual Darkness ; for puffing out a strong and sudden Blast against the Holes, to have cleared away all Obstruction, he so crowded the Prince's Eyes with Dirt, that he roared and stamp'd like a mad Man.

The

The Outcry of his Friend in such an Agony, so terrified *Sawney*, that dreading the Consequence, he called out for Assistance ; fearful of proceeding further upon his own Judgment ; when in came *Edgar* and the Landlady from the Kitchen ; but the Consternation they were both in, at the Sight of *David* in such Distress, deterred them from intermeddling in Affairs themselves had no Comprehension of ; being no way able to conjecture from whence the poor Man's Difficulty arose ; till the good Woman sending in her Hostler to his Relief, and he, having been acquainted with the Method of the Head-Piece, and seen others in the like Case before, ordered *Edgar* to take it off, whilst himself fetched some Water, to scour the Dust from its Bearer ; not doubting but he must be covered, not only with that, but Spiders too, when he should come out of it.

Edgar, having greatly the Advantage in Height of his Highness, raised up the Helmet perpendicularly, till it sticking at the Chin, he was doubtful of further proceeding ; but the Hostler returning with the Water, and finding Matters thus at a Stand, off with it, off with it, cried he, or
make

make way, and let me come ; when *Edgar* disdaining to be out-done by so mean an Hand, gave the Helmet such a Twitch, as though it cleared it of the Prince's Chin, almost carried off his Nose with it ; but bad as it was, that being nothing to the Damage his Eyes had sustained, all the Skill the whole Family could contribute, proved too little to restore them to their primitive Lustre : For his Highness was not only thereby subjected to most insufferable Smarting, but for the whole Night following remained as blind as a Beetle ; or could he endure the least Light to approach him, for some Days after, save what was shaded by a great Piece of green Petticoat, which he wore under his Hat.

Time, which puts a Period to all Things, discharged the Prince from his Dolours also, and returned him the free Use of his Opticks ; when having thoroughly brushed up his Armour, he again made a fresh Assay for the further Proof of it, willing to accustom himself to the wear of it for sometime within Doors, that he might be the more expert in the Use of it, upon a proper Call to Action ; but though his great Heart was not habituated to truckle under Difficulties,
within

within the Compass of mortal Sufferance; yet, it would have daunted the Courage of a Lion, to have sustained so unequal a Combat, as between this Armour and the Flesh that supported it: For that, being so very large and heavy, and his Body so diminutive and light timbered, he took not a Stride in it, but battered his Shoulders and Legs to such a Degree, as was intollerable; then the Head-piece, for want of compleat filling, which the Prince's little Crown was by no means adapted to, tottered and rattled so at every Turn, as to bruise his Head abominably: So that he had been absolutely deterred from all farther Wear of it, but for the supposed Grandeur of the Thing, and for the Honours which he expected would be paid him, on that Account, when he should arrive at his Principality.

Edgar (who had several Times with Envy beheld *David* strutting about in his Armour) beginning from a Tincture of his Companions, to have an Inclination for martial Enterprizes; had not unfrequently felt a longing Desire for an Encasement in that military Dress; but this Master keeping it always in his own Room, he had as yet no Opportunity of wear-
ing

ing it: 'Till one Morning, *Sawney* and *David* having left Word with him, that they were going to the Taylor's to hasten him with their new Cloaths; *Edgar*, so soon as their Backs were turned, ran up to the Armour, to make Trial how it would become him; when being at an equal Loss with *David* for an Entrance, (having never yet seen how *David* put it on) he clapped it over his Head, in order to slide it over his Body, and with many a painful Thrust, at length edged in both his Shoulders, when with a few more Shakes, it slipped down to his Middle; but never was Man in more
 * Perplexity, when, upon mature Deliberation, he perceived it would be impossible for him ever to get his Arms out. He had now advanced too far for a Retreat; for all the Art he was Master of, could no Ways release him from it again.

He had laboured under this Difficulty for the best Part of an Hour, but not the least Relief presented; when he hearing the Voice of his Master below, and fearing lest he should take him in the Fact; as he was avoiding his Master's Chamber, for another upon the same Floor, his Foot tripping near the Stairs Head, down he
 came,

came like a Log, from the Top to the Bottom, with such a Clatter, as not only put Majesty itself into a cold Sweat, but so terrified all the Rest of the Family, that some of the most apt that Way, fell into Fits, and others became incapable of relieving him for a long Time afterwards; 'till, regaining, by Degrees their scattered Senses, they, at length, collected themselves to the Assistance of the fallen 'Squire, and released him; but so battered by the Frolick, that he had but a very mean Opinion of an Iron Doublet ever afterwards.

The third Day came the Taylor with their new Habiliments, which having fitted on, they were to no mean Degree proud of their Elegancy; but *Sawney*, the true blunt Man at Arms, notwithstanding the Gaiety of his Trappings, could not but envy *David* his Armour, which, in his own Opinion, far out-shone all other Wearables: So that no longer able to restrain himself, he started a Query relative to the Propriety of that military Habit for his Highness.

Prince *David*! said he, having duly weighed, and considered, that the Reception we shall meet with in *Wales*, must

accord to the Manner of our appearing there ; I am at length persuaded, that your Highness will take a most pernicious Step, in first exhibiting your Person there in that Armour. Nay, it will even be a Contradiction to the Method I should prescribe to you, (and which yourself must allow to be reasonable) of winning your Subjects, by every Demonstration of your Affection to them. Will it not then seem to them, when they shall for the first Time behold you in Armour, as if, instead of courting their Favour, and soothing them by Gentleness into a good Opinion of you, you was come to defy them, and command their Submission, by appearing so clad in Steel before them?

Not having had Time to store himself with contradictory Arguments, in Opposition to *Sawney's* Suggestion, *David* submitted that the Opinion was strictly just, and wondered they had neither of them thought of it before they had purchased the Armour, as it might have been the saving of so much Money, which would now be unnecessarily thrown away ; but *Sawney* replied, that the Expence was no ways ill bestowed ; for that though it might
be

be ever so improper for his Highness's Wear, nothing could be more adroit for him, who had as yet a Kingdom to seek, and that, probably, by Dint of Arms too: So that though his Highness, at entering upon the Possession of his Sovereignty, ought only to shew himself the gentle Governor, and, for that End, appear in a friendly Dress; yet, till his own Claim was fully determined, and himself enthron'd, with the Goodwill of his Subjects, nothing could be objected to his appearing in an hostile Manner: For which Reasons, he had Thoughts of wearing the Armour himself. This being concluded upon, they resolved to set forwards the next Morning for *Worthenbury*.

Sawney was stirring betimes, for the better adjusting his Armour to his Body; but at length, being mounted, he had taken up so much Time in settling himself properly to his Horse, in the Inn Yard, that no small Crowd was collected together, to become Spectators of his Out-set. At length, *Sawney* drawing up for the March, armed *Cap à pee*, *David* succeeded in his Purple, and *Edgar* in *Sawney's* old Coat, with the new

one bundled up before him, closed the Cavalcade.

My Landlord, (who, for about a Week past, had had exceeding good Customers of them) unwilling to part with dry Lips, whilst the great Men were parading it once or twice round the Inn Yard, to suit themselves to their Saddles, had brought out his Brandy-bottle, to give them a Stirrup Cup ; then pouring out a Bumper, and drinking to their good Journey, he recommended its Counter-part to *Sawney*, who, in his Armour, looked as great as *John of Gaunt*.

He received it with all Composure, and presented his Love to *David* ; but clapping it up hastily to his Mouth, the Helmet saluting it too roughly, not only shivered the Vehicle to Pieces, but spilt its Contents upon the Ground ; at which the Spectators set up a loud Halloo.

Sawney's Horse, having had a whole Week's Idleness, was not a little moved at the Uproar of this turbulent Company ; so that he began to prance and carvet furiously ; whilst *Sawney* as skilfully restrained him, 'till a young Fellow giving the Armour a Stroke with a Stick he

he had in his Hand, it rang with such a Sound, as provoking others to the like Experiment, the Horse, beyond all further Patience, taking Fright, ran off with *Sawney* over a large Heath, with all the Celerity he was Master of; to which Flight and Confusion of the poor Beast, the continued Clatter of the Armour not a little contributed.

David and *Edgar* sprang after him like Lightning, but soon lost all Sight of him: For not being so well mounted as *Sawney*, tho' they laboured Hand and Heel, they were presently distanced.

The Violence of the Creature's Motion, (though *Sawney* still kept his Seat) together with the Bruises he received from the Weight and Strokes of the Armour, to his Head, Shoulders, and Thighs, had now almost reduced Majesty to a Jelly, or appeared there the least Remedy for his forlorn Condition. At length, turning round his Head hastily, to see whether any Relief was following him, the Helmet sticking to the Carcass, his Face, upon its Return, brought the Back of the Helmet forward with it; when being absolutely inclosed in the Dark, he gave himself up for a dead Man.

How long he might have rode in this Condition he knew not, before he felt himself, to his Apprehension, shot from his Horse, as by an Enemy; but it plainly appeared afterwards, that the Creature running under a Tree, one of it's horizontal Branches had taken his Majesty on the Breast, and unhorsed him, where he lay languishing, and in a Swoon, for a long Time afterwards; till some Country Fellows returning from Labour, found him in a bye Lane, overthrown as I have described him.

Upon their first View of some large Thing lying across the Horse-way, they set up a Run, as after some Prize in View; but at about twenty Paces Distance, spying a Pair of booted Legs, for they could make nothing of the rest of the Body, they stopped short for a little Consideration, before they proceeded further.

Curiosity still urging them, they ventured a few Paces nearer; then one of them casting a Lump of hard Earth at it, and the Armour returning a metalline Sound, they all ran again, as if the Devil had driven them, to *Gholmondely*, at about half a Mile's Distance; where they raised the whole Town by their Report of a strange Monster

Monster in a Shell, with Legs like a Man, with Boots on, lying either dead, or asleep, in such a Lane.

As most Folks do, under the like Circumstances, they made ten Times as much of what they had seen, as they did see; insomuch, that the whole Town ran out after them, to the Spot where this wonderful Creature was to be exhibited; some armed with Pitch-forks, others with Clubs, Spits, or whatever other Weapons came first to Hand, either for Defence, or Annoyance.

Upon Sight of the Monster, as they all called it, they made an Halt; each passing his Judgment upon the surprising Spectacle; but not a Man would venture within the Distance, that it might be presumed to spring upon him: For they were, many of them, perswaded, that it only sham'd Sleep, the more readily to seize its Prey.

There were various Opinions, as to its being a Land or Water Animal; but it was generally agreed to be of the Water Kind, from the Make of its Shell, and that it came out of the River *Waver*, from its Proximity to that Stream.

Their Impatience for a Survey of its Dimensions, at length grew so prevalent,

that Sticks and Stones innumerable being thrown at it, without the least Effect as to rousing it, they at length, one by one, advancing nearer to it, even ventured to touch it, and then, to turn it up for further Discovery of its natural Parts; till the Exercise they had given to his Body, having somewhat recalled his Senses, *Saroney* drew up one of his Legs, which put the whole Multitude to Flight instantly; till perceiving all quiet again, in their second Advance to the Body, he groaned so ruefully, as again to fix them to the Center; but then, hearing him call aloud for Prince *David*, and 'Squire *Cramp*, they began to take Heart at his speaking it like a Man, and one of them answering him, he entered into a Relation of his Catastrophe, which encouraged them to raise him upon his Feet, and then, not being able to disengage him from his Armour, to conduct him between two of them to *Cholmondely*, with the whole Posse, making their Comments in his Train. Here, having disposed him in a warm Bed, we must next turn our Care to the two distressed Partners of his Labours, equally dolorous, tho' not so much bruised as their Master.

C H A P. VII.

Remarks on Riding and Equipage. David and Edgar part. Distressed for the Reckoning. Meet at their Inn. Hear of Sawney. His Harangue to David. A Manifesto designed.

IT hath been a trite Remark of Men of Curiosity, that where my Lord himself shall be mounted upon a mean looking Pad, or some Beast more estimable for his Qualities, than Appearance; his Servants will be placed upon Hunters, and Cattle of three Times the Price of their Masters. Now whether *Sawney's* Catastrophe hath ever since deterred the Principal from riding the best Steed, or whether the having them in his Retinue, tho' rode by the Servant only, (as some great Men make these the Bearers of all their Lace and Finery, which affords equal Indulgence to a Man's Vanity) or what else may have occasioned it, I am ignorant; but had *Sawney* pursued this Course, he had not now been abandoned to that Despair, which had almost doubled him under his Misfortune; for being himself the

best horsed, as I said before; after *David* and *Edgar* had pursued him in View, whilst their Eyes could follow him no further, they still pushed on in his Track, by Guess, till they had crossed the Common he had traversed before them; but now they were at a grand Default; for there happening to be three Lanes within View; which of them his Majesty had gone off by, was the Difficulty.

Edgar was under strong Perswasion, that it must have been the Left-Hand Road he had taken, from the Print of some Foot-steps, which he insisted were new formed, and were much of a Size with his Majesty's Horse's Feet; but *David*, who, one would have thought, could have followed his Master by Instinct, he had been so used to him, would persist upon the right foreward Road being that he was fled by; or was he to be diverted from the Pursuit of him by that Rout.

In short, the Contest held so warmly, and grew so tedious, that in order to remain Friends, they agreed upon parting, and each to take the Road he could promise himself the most Success from; and as they were not acquainted with any of the Towns Names in their Way, to make a direct

a direct foreward March of it, till they should recover the lost Potentate; when, whoever was so fortunate as to find him, should bring him back, by the very Rout they were in, to their old Inn at *Charleston*.

Charged with these Instructions, they set off again full Speed, or ever once thought they how they should provide for themselves, till dark Night had driven them both into Shelter. *Edgar*, being Master of about fifteen Pence, made a Shift, Man and Horse, to hold out pretty well till Morning, at *Morton*, where he lodged; but *David*, whose Treasurer *Sawney* altogether was, being more fleetly horsed, was Money-bound the next Day, at *Fordeſham*, where he eat and drank on for three Days, before he had the Heart to discover the Emptiness of his Exchequer, in Hopes every Moment that Fate might direct *Sawney* to his Relief; but no Succour presenting, he was at length obliged to leave his laced Hat in Pledge for Nine and Six-pence, and to borrow the Hostler's Leathern Cap, till he returned to redeem it; or was it any the least of Comforts to him and the Squire, that they were once more united; but yet, their Heads leaning to their lost Master,

Master, they moved but like Bodies without a Soul, in his Absence.

What now gave them both the most serious Reflections was, lest some fatal Chance having robbed them for ever of *Sawney*, they should be detained where they were for their Keeping; to which *Edgar* replied, that as he was possessed of his Majesty's new Coat, which, unless he should find them again, would be useless to him, they might both live a considerable Time upon that, before all that Power of Lace was eaten up; and then, if in the mean Time they could hear no Tidings of him, he would e'en mount his Poney, and return to his own Country; tho' he was not without Hopes of recovering his Majesty; but *David*, the Acuteness of whose Pangs would scarce admit of the least Consolation, replied, that he despaired of it: For that he was either drowned in some River, or murdered by Robbers; in either of which Cases, were he but resolved, he was determined not survive him.

In this lamentable Plight, had these two Heroes remained for full eight Days; when a Country Fellow, happening in his Walks to call in at their Inn for a Mug of Beer, one Day; whilst he was drinking

ing it by the Kitchen Fire, was mentioning what an odd Sort of a Man had been picked up near him, and carried into *Cholmondely*. He had never seen him, he said, but those who had, reported, that he lived in a Shell of Iron.

This was enough for one of the Waiters, who knew how greatly the Absence of *Sawney* had been regretted by his Companions, to send him into them with the good News; which no sooner had they heard, than they called for the Bearer, and making much of him, detained him with them for the Night, that they might examine into all the Particulars; and in the Morning, *David* leaving *Edgar* in Pawn for the Damage done since their Return, took Horse, and away for *Cholmondely*. Here, to the Revival of his drooping Spirits, he found his Majesty; but in such a Condition, as immediately drew Tears from his Eyes: For he was plaistered all down his Head and Face, on both Sides, with two others, as large as Trenchers, upon his Shoulders, and above a Foot Square, on the upper Parts of each of his Thighs; with all which Maladies, he was in such Pain still, as scarce to be able to crawl cross his Chamber.

The

The Sight, however, of his dear Friend; in an hopeful Way of Recovery, dispelled those Horrors his languid Condition had at first cast *David* into; and so soon as their first Transports at the Sight of each other were abated, *David* gave him a Detail of his own, and *Edgar's* Travels; receiving from him in Return, a Relation of all that had befallen him since their Parting: All which being concluded, *David's* Bowels yearning after the 'Squire, who he was well assured would take every Minute for an Hour till he saw him again, urged him to inform *Sawney* of the ill Condition of their Finances, and to desire that he might be the Messenger of the glad Tidings of a Recruit, to the Bankrupt *Edgar*; which being granted, he returned the next Morning, and on the following Day brought back *Edgar*, and all the Equipage to *Sawney*.

Being all thus felicitously met again, they had only to wait for *Sawney's* Recovery, before they sallied forth upon their March to *Denbighshire*.

It was a full Month before our Monarch was reduced to travelling Order; at length, a Day being appointed for the Expedition, Prince *David* fain would have
had

had his Majesty again invested in his Armour ; but having been already such a Sufferer by it, he declined the Honour of the Helmet. Now it having before been declared wholly improper for *David's* Wear, that it might not be entirely lost to them, it was proposed that *Edgar* should bear it into *Wales* ; when it might be deposited amongst the Trophies of that Principality, in case no future Use should be made of it by *Sawney*, in his Expedition to *Scotland*.

This being concluded, they set forward for *Denbighshire*, (*Edgar* becoming the Armour far better than either of the Princes, by Reason of his Bulk, which would fairly have answered to two of them) and in high Spirits they were, at the Thoughts of entering *David's* Dominions that Night ; but as they were passing through *Farndon*, with the whole Mob of the Place at their Heels, huzzaing at *Edgar* in his Armour ; *Sawney*, drawing up before the Entrance to a Publick House there, conducted his Companions into it ; where being seated, after a Cup of Ale for the Liquoring of his Whistle, he thus accosted his Highness.

Mighty Prince ! said he, this blessed Night might have delivered your Highness

ness to your Dominions, and your Principality to you, it's true ; but as only upon deliberate Steps first taken, successful Issues are to be founded ; I have required a Stop here, upon the Borders of your Territories, for the Discussion of our future proceedings. I have been revolving in my Mind, in what Manner your Highness shall first discover yourself, and to whom ; whether publickly, or to some selected Persons of Distinction and Influence in the Country, to whose Fidelity and Discernment you may commit yourself and your Cause.

I have again considered, whether it might not be most advantageous to your Highness's Interest, that a Manifesto should be calculated, couch'd in such Terms, as not only to rouse the martial Genius of your Countrymen, but excite their Affections, to their true Royal Line of Princes.

Again, I am still doubtful, whether your Highness should appear in Hostile-wise, to compel your Admission to the Sovereignty ; or naked, and unarmed, to refer yourself wholly to the Allegiance of your People. These are Points, I say, now our Undertaking is drawn so near to a Crisis, which ought curiously to be weighed,

ed, and adjusted, that the Event may correspond to our Expectations.

His Highness, who had sucked in, like the Morning Dew, every the least Dripping from the Lips of *Sawney*, even to the inmost Recesses of his Soul, could not but admit each successive Means, as *Sawney* had propounded them, to be the best; till at length he was so confounded, thro' the Multiplicity of Measures, for attaining the same End, as to be entirely disabled for a particular Choice; but as from the very first Hint of it, he had applied his tacit Concurrence to the Manifesto, so, without further Demur, he declared himself in Favour of that; justly imagining with himself, that should it miss of it's Effect, yet there would remain so many other Means to be experimented, that the Devil must be in them, should they all fail.

The Vote having therefore passed for the Manifesto, *David* referred the drawing it up in proper Terms, for publick Acceptation, to the Erudition of his Majesty; engaging, when finished, to honour the Original with his Sign Manual.

To this, *Sawney*, after some Recollection, replied, that it appeared to be a Labour of far more Difficulty to him, the
more

more he reflected on it; but yet, if his Highness requested it of him, that being in it's Nature a Command, he would not fail to set about it fresh in the Morning, after a Consult first had upon his Pillow for that Purpose.

David had placed Pen, Ink and Paper ready upon his Table over Night, that nothing might obstruct the Execution; nor could *Sawney* sleep a Wink for revolving the Subject in his Mind; but still, the more he considered of it, he found himself under the more Perplexities.

His first Thoughts were, for setting forth *David's* whole Genealogy; but considering the Paper, Time, and Labour it would consume, in stating a *Welch* Pedigree, he dropt the Design, and had begun only to notify his Arrival amongst his loving Subjects; concluding, with the not doubting, but when it should be known to them, that himself was in Person amongst them, they would chearfully and heartily concur in his Installment to his Princely Dignity.

He read this over, as likewise several others, of which he had but sketched out the out Lines, and cast aside as insufficient; but neither would this please him: For that, in his Opinion, it was not nervous enough

enough to have stirred up himself, to the Embracing of a strange Prince, had he been a Gentleman of *Wales*. He therefore cast this by also with the Rest. Then having a new Fancy just sprung in his Brain, he had nearly brought it to Perfection; and that was, collecting all the most elaborate Phrases from each of his foregoing Labours, and uniting them in one Piece.

Both *David* and *Edgar*, with the Landlord, and most of his Servants, had at Times, been severally hammering at *Sawney's* Door for some Hours past; but so far from gaining Admittance thereby, that not one of them had as yet received a Word of Answer to their several Vociferations; till *David* was grown so impatient for his Master's Welfare, lest any Accident should have befallen him, that it being now high Noon, and Dinner having for some Time waited for him, he sent for a Smith, with full Resolution to have forc'd the Door open.

Sawney had just finished his Collection, as the Operator had reached his Chamber, with his Instruments for Execution; when hearing a Sort of Bustle at his Door, he opened it, and came forth to them.

David,

David, who had expected little more than to have found his breathless Corps Within-side, was so overjoyed at the Sight of his dear Master, and alive too, that he fell upon his Neck, and wept like a sucking Infant; whilst *Sawney* demanded the Occasion of his abundant Sorrow. This, *David* declared, to have been exceedingly aggravated by his Absence so long; but that now, his Tears issued chiefly from a Flux of Joy, that surrounded him upon his Re-appearance.

After that *Sawney* had most tenderly embraced his Highness, and redeemed his Spirits from their Anguish, he conducted him into the Chamber, where he demonstrated, how far both his Head and Hand had travelled in his Service; hoping, that he had now brought it to Perfection; tho' as yet, he confessed, he had not fairly read over, and adjusted it.

He offered then to begin it to him; but his Highness, who having waited for *Sawney* past Breakfast-time, had eaten none himself, was too hungry to put him to the Trouble of it at that Time, since the whole Afternoon would be their own; and this Motion *Sawney* complying with, they both sat down to Dinner.

C H A P.

C H A P. VIII.

Apply to Parson Plausible. Oblige him to draw a Manifesto. Supply him with Materials.

S A W N E Y, having crammed his Pockets brim-full of his Morning's Exercise ; no sooner was the Cloth removed, than he began to display them on the Table, for *David's* Judgment to pass thereon ; but having the greatest Veneration for his last Performance, as that which was to clench all the rest, he entreated for a Moment's Silence, till he had read it over to his Highness ; beseeching him to make his unreserved Comments upon it, so soon as he should have concluded.

Tho' our Monarch wanted not necessary Understanding upon sensible Occasions, he had scarce struggled half Way through it, under the Interruption of several Pauses for recollecting what had preceded ; before himself was at an unaccountable Loss for the Meaning of it : For it consisted of such a Medley of incoherent Sentences, as he could neither make Head or Tail of, he said, tho' he confessed, he could not, in his own Judgment, condemn the Parts it was composed of ; but added, that, like
a Creature

a Creature compounded from the most beautiful Members of many different Species of Beings, it then appeared to him, but as one mishapen Lump of Deformity.

David delivering his Opinion concurrent with that of his Majesty, *Sawney* declined all further Attempts at the Manifesto, declaring it to be a Task for which he was no ways qualified; and would have fallen directly upon some other Measures, promissory of better Success; till *David*, who still bore a Month's Mind to the Manifesto, proposed, that they might call in the Parson of the Parish to their Assistance; who, they need not question, but, upon the Promise of a Prebend, or Deanry, would gladly exhaust his Brain in the Service: For, added he, they will make you a Sermon upon any Text, nothing comes amiss to them; why not then, upon the Topick of the Allegiance of Subjects to their natural Lord? And then, if one of them says it, all the People believe it presently; nor is it a bad Thought, let me tell you, to make a Friend of the Parsons, to preach for us in such a Case.

Sawney, being heartily glad that *David* had offered at so hopeful an Expedient, for shifting the Load from his own Shoulders,

ders, most readily joined in the Proposal ; giving it as his Advice, that the sooner they set about it the better : So that *Edgar* having by this Time dined, and taken Care of his Horses, he was dispatched to Mr. *Plausible* the Parson, with Request for the Favour of his Company, to drink a Glass with a Couple of Gentlemen, Strangers in that Country.

Mr. *Plausible* was a most worthy Member of the *Church Militant*, a facetious Companion, and a merry Christian ; was a Batchelor, and an acceptable Guest, at every sprightly Table in that, and the adjacent Counties. He being a Man of Address, stripped of his Night-gown for his *Sunday's* Gear, and immediately followed the Messenger.

Compliments over, and the *Parson* seated, *Sawney* called for a fresh Bottle, and then fell upon Business. He enquired how long Mr. *Plausible* had been resident in that Country ? And was answered, almost twenty years. Whether he was acquainted in *Denbigh*, or *Flintshires* ? He replied, intimately. All which giving *Sawney* mighty Hopes, he proceeded to admire, how so martial and puissant a People, as the *Welch*, a Nation who had stood
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the most desperate Shocks of Fortune heretofore, should, at length, submit to a foreign Yoke, without a Struggle at least for their Liberty.

The *Parson* replied, that it was so long since they had the least Room for distinguishing themselves for a separate People from the *English*, that living securely under the Protection of the *English* Laws and Government, they had lost all Sense of Rule amongst themselves only ; and tho' not governed by a Prince of their peculiar Nation, esteemed themselves as happy, united to *England*, as if they had still been a distinct Principality.

Your Highness, said *Sawney*, hears from the Report of this reverend Prelate, how indolent your People are grown, since your noble Progenitors sat at the Helm there. There was a Time, great Prince, when starving on their bleakest Mountains Tops, was preferable in their Eye, to Servitude under any Monarch, not a Native of their own Country.

The *Parson*, tho' he knew not well what to make of his Company, little judging himself to be associated with such great Men, replied, that the *Welch* had undoubtedly been a warlike Nation, and
whilst

whilst *England* was more thinly peopled, were able, by their Slight and Courage, to maintain a sole Sovereignty within themselves; but at present, being but as a Kid in the Paw of a Lion, they could never expect, or even hope, to see that Day again.

What! Sir, said *Sawney*, not if a Descendant of their ancient Race of Princes should start up amongst them, offer his Protection, and receive them under his Tutelage? They have been zealous Assertors of their Country's Privileges, many, very many indeed of which have been utterly lost to them, under Subjugation to a foreign Power; but let me tell you Sir, they are not so far from the Epocha of a revived Principality, as you may imagine, under the Influence of a Descendant of their natural Lords; nor matters it to steady Minds, adhesive to their Ancestors Principles, that an Age, or Ages, have already lapsed, in Subjection to Strangers. Courage but quickens by a Relaxation, then issues forth more direfully, on proper Call to Action.

Three rising Suns shall not have ceas'd to shine, e'er *Wales* points out her natural Potentate, ready to expose his Life to Peril, in Support of his Country's Rights against all Opposers.

" You much amaze me ! Gentlemen, said Mr. *Plausible*, inwardly smiling : For I may venture to say, this so suddenly intended Revolution, is more than any of that Nation at present expects ; or can an Army requisite for such an Alteration, be so privately conveyed thither, as not to be either seen, or heard of in their March, in which, they must needs expect an Opposition from the *English* Forces.

Your Gravity, Sir, said *Sawney* ; your Profession, your Years, but above all your Judgment and Knowledge of Men and Things, incline me to sue for your further Friendship, and Alliance ; nor shall *Bangor's* or *St. David's* Sees long boast another Incumbent than yourself. In the mean Time, name your Preferment in the Church, it's yours. Now, as I read a fertile Disposition in you, (for no one can better judge of Men by Sight than myself) to experience your Talents, and exercise your Address for publick Oratory, I must insist, that in his Highness's Name, you plan out a Manifesto for him, that may captivate the Subject to his Rule and Governance. Of your Capacity I am well ascertained, and his Highness expects every

every Faculty to be strained in his Service.

Parson *Plausible* was never so pleased in his Life, as with the Humour of his present Companions, whom he took for two mad Men, broke loose from their Restraint ; which reserved him upon his Guard, lest in the long Run they should grow mischievous ; but whilst their Behaviour arose to nothing more dangerous than verbal Flights of their Fancy, he hugged himself prodigiously in their Conversation : For though *Sawney* had hitherto been chief Spokesman, he doubted not, but as the Maggot should bite, they would shift Hands, and it would come to *Davia's* Turn by and by.

Sawney pressed the Manifesto so earnestly, that at length, the Parson's Plea of Insufficiency being disallowed, he declared his Fears for the Hazard he should run, of incurring the Penalty of High Treason ; as likewise would themselves, whose Acquaintance he prized at too high a Rate, for him to be any Ways contributory to their Destruction : For that the *Welch*, at present, enjoying their Properties in as ample Manner, as they could ever have Reason to expect, under the

most beneficial Alteration of their Circumstances, would never be induced, by the most florid Eloquence, to run the Risque of a Subjection to the severest Dangers, in Search of a Change of Government. Nay, not improbably, in order still to establish themselves more firmly in favour of their present Master, they might make a Merit, not only of rejecting their Offer of a new Sovereign, but of delivering up the Projectors of such a Scheme to condign Punishment, as Traitors, and Disturbers of the publick Tranquility ; in which Case, he should have no Occasion to explain to them the Horror of that Fate, which must necessarily prove the Concomitant of such a Procedure.

In the general Run of Things, *Sawney* admitted the Parson to have delivered his Sentiments as a reasonable and unaffected By-stander ; and with those prudent Cautions, that might deter a Man studious only of his own indolent Ease, from the Pursuit of true Glory ; but his Highness's generous Soul, he said, prompted him to a Sepulture in the Bed of Honour, in Prosecution of his natural Rights, preferably to his own personal Security ; though what he above all Things aimed at was, the

the Establishment of himself in his Patrimony, with the least Effusion of his Subjects Blood that might be: For should he invade them in an hostile Manner, before he had satisfied them of the Justice of his Claim, they might then find Cause to esteem him for an Enemy, who would upon all Accounts reckon it his chiefest Glory, to be stiled their Friend and Benefactor; or could any Method that he could proceed by, in his Opinion, more effectually answer the Purpose, than the Manifesto he had before recommended to his Care; as it might shew the entire Confidence his Highness reposed in the Affections of his Subjects, by placing himself unconditionally in their Hands, in sole Reliance upon their good Wills; from the cherishing of which, in themselves, what less might they expect from him, than a gracious Concurrence in all such Measures as might render them a great and happy People; adding, that for the Reasons he had before-mentioned, and from infinite others, that, were they necessary, he could still urge, he must insist upon the Preparation of the Manifesto, of the good Effect whereof he was no ways

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dubious,

dubious, under the Dictature of so able an Head as the Parson's.

This latter Part of his Speech, *Saroney* delivering with somewhat more important an Air than the preceding, our Divine was in no light Suspence, how to behave in the Affair ; concluding, that his absolute Refusal would undoubtedly draw down the Vengeance of both those hot-brained Fellows upon him ; when it might be difficult to say where it might end : For which Reason, he determined, not positively to oppose their Scheme, but only by gaining Time, to free himself from a Subjection to their Caprice : So that proclaiming his Readiness for the Undertaking, and his Concern that it would be impossible for him to execute it so effectually on a sudden with them, as under serious Consideration in his own Study ; he told them, that if they would admit him to the Honour of dining with them the next Day, he would then come prepared with such Materials, as he hoped, would be fully satisfactory to them ; and to give the better Grace to his Assertion, he called for Pen and Paper, that he might, from his Highness's own Mouth, sketch down Hints for his future Guidance in
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the Work : For that it would be of the utmost Importance to the Cause, that his Highness should therein clear up his Title to the Principality, beyond a Possibility of Controversion.

David was then beginning to convey down his Pedigree to himself, from his great Ancestor *Lewellin*, from whom his Great-grand-mother *Winifred* had told his Grand-father *Rice* she could prove him lineally descended, as the Son of *Stephen*, *ap Morgan*, *ap Roderick*, and was running on with a String of far more Names, than the Parson could have penned down by the next Morning ; when *Sawney*, to cut the Matter short, clapt an whole Pocket full of Papers into the Parson's Hand, from which he assured him, upon diligent Perusal, he might collect the whole Scheme : For that they wanted but a methodical Digesting, to form them into a complete Narrative.

Mr. *Plausible* possessed himself of this Cargo, and inclining now to a Retreat, gave them all the Assurances imaginable of his Zeal for their Service, and took his Leave till the next Noon, when he had promised to be of their Party at Dinner.

C H A P. IX.

Plausible produces the Manifesto. Plot laid for the Monarchs at Sir Owen's. They are to dine there. Edgar knighted. Reception at Sir Owen's.

THE Parson having left them, both Master and Man, conceiving vast Expectations from his Skill and Erudition, were greatly impatient till the Arrival of that Hour, which would restore to them the good Doctor again.

As for Mr. *Plausible* himself, he was never more at a Loss, than to conceive from what odd Turn of Imagination his two late Companions could be hurried to such Inconsistencies and Improbabilities as they had broached to him ; and that, under such Serenity of Mind and Composure of Countenance, they could deduce their Arguments with the strictest Rationality, from so rotten and foundationless an Hypothesis, as no Man endued with human Understanding could give Credit to : For supposing either of them actually to be a Prince, and entitled to such Dominions, then their Scheme was pertinent ; but
from

from what mortal Impulse they could suspect such a Thing, was the great stumbling Block to him.

He took his Horse early next Morning, and rode into *Denbighshire*, to a Baronet, an old Bottle Companion and Acquaintance of his, to whom he related the Adventure ; informing him, at the same Time, how fair he stood for a Bishoprick ; but what most puzzled him, he said, was, how to come off about the Manifesto : For there could be no seeing them again without it ; or would he, for the Sake of the best See in *Wales*, have any such Thing appear in the World under his Hand, as it would be what he should never hear the last of.

Sir *Owen D—rs*, (that being the Name of the Baronet) who was a Man of great Pleasantry, was so delighted at the Prospect of a noble Piece of Diversion to ensue from this Incident, that he persuaded the Parson by no Means to disappoint them in the Matter of the Manifesto ; assuring him, that he need be under no Manner of Scruple on that Account, since nothing in Nature would be easier than to possess himself of it again, after their Perusal of it ; for that he must have it to copy over

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fair,

fair, for transmitting to all the Market Towns in the Principality, or for divers other Uses : For he could no Ways expect their further Confidence in him, but from a Compliance with their first Request.

Be it therefore your Care, said Sir Owen, to ingratiate yourself to them by the Manifesto ; then letting them know how intimately you are connected to many leading Men in *Wales*, advise them to bring it to me in your Name, as a Person most capable of perfecting their Views, and furthering their Designs ; whilst I, in the mean Time, will consider of some proper Conclusions, for making ourselves exceeding merry with them.

Mr. *Plausible* marching off with these Hints, completed the Manifesto, and at the Hour appointed, paid his Duty to these mighty Personages ; when presenting it before them, and each of them reading it over separately, they weighed, and considered it ; but for the better Understanding of some abstruse Particulars, had Recourse to the Parson himself, to repeat it to them in proper Emphasis, and due Periods ; after which, they were each
twice

twice the Masters of it, that their own Perusal had left them.

Prince *David* had imbibed such Extasy for it at the first pronouncing, that he intreated for a second Reading, which ended, *Sawney* having still his Difficulties to be cleared up, proposed a third Reading, and *David* again a fourth, till both being able to have repeated it off Hand, they in Raptures, seizing each an Hand of the Parson's, were ready to have devoured them with Delight.

The Doctor was no less pleased with their Transports than themselves, whilst they kept within due Bounds ; but when they had arrived thus to manual Operation, his Sanctity trembled, lest being hampered between them, in those very Members from which alone he could trust for his Defence, their seeming Fondness converting to Rage, as it frequently happens to mad Men, they should gain the Mastery over him.

His Fears were however vain ; for having sated themselves with numberless Salutes of his Hands, and other Demonstrations of their Affection for his Person ; after two more Readings, their Spirits subsiding, they held on a rational Converse,

verse, on the most suitable Methods for propagating a Sense of the Manifesto throughout the whole Principality.

Mr. *Plausible* watching his Opportunity for recovering the Draught to his own Custody again, assured them, it was of Necessity that it should be forthwith printed; and then, that a peculiar Friend of his, of superior Interest to most People in *Wales*, would, for his Sake, engage for the Dispersion of it; and to whom it might be no Ways improper for them to apply for his Approbation of it, that he might the more readily fall in with their Measures; adding, that if they pleased to dine with his Friend the next Day, himself would meet them there, and introduce them to Sir *Owen*.

With their hearty Concurrence to this Proposal, they concluded the Business of the Day; when, after t'other Bottle and Pipe, the Parson left them, intending to report his Proceedings to Sir *Owen* at Breakfast the next Morning.

Never were People who missed it, in their own Opinions, nearer to Sovereignty than our two travelling Monarchs: For *Sawney* looked upon his Kingdom as in Hand,

Hand, so soon as *David* should be settled in his Government.

Having so great Works upon their Hands, our Monarchs Heads could scarce be otherwise than full of them : For towards Bed-time, as *Edgar* was putting his Master's Boots off, it came into his Majesty's Mind, that *Edgar*, when discharged of his Armour, as Master of his Horse, ought to appear otherwise cloathed than in his own plain Country Garb made at *Bamford* ; and more especially, that as his Standard-bearer, (for no Doubt but his Titles would be enquired into) he ought to appear in a military Livery ; but how to rectify the Error was the Difficulty, as they were to dine in *Wales* on the Morrow.

David proposed leaving *Edgar* behind till he should be conveniently equipped, and then for him to follow them ; which *Sawney* agreed, upon the last Extremity, must be done ; but he owned, it would cut him to the Heart to go without him.

The Town was ransacked over for a Coat, Hat, and other Accoutrements for *Edgar*, but all to no Manner of Purpose for that Night : So that *Edgar* was within an Hair's Breadth of being left behind at last.

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As for an Hat and Sword, they were procured the next Day without Difficulty; but the laced Suit, all to be bedawbed with Gold, that could noways be accommodated; for *Sawney* insisted, that although Princes themselves were not distinguishable by their Cloathing, and therefore might go as plainly apparelled as they pleased; yet their Officers and Ministers, especially of the Military, ought not to be seen on Duty but in their proper Livery.

David then starting a new Proposition, was in Hopes of composing the present Debate. May it please your Majesty, said he, as Squire *Cramp* is not only vested in a military Post, but also in a civil one, as Master of your Majesty's Horse; suppose he should appear as this only, now you have no Forces attending you; and still, for the further Magnificence of the Thing, suppose you should constitute him a Knight of the Thistle, it might carry the better Face with it; and then he would not only claim more Respect than at present in all Companies, but might be admitted to our Table; for in Truth, it hath often grieved me sorely, that the Squire, who is so necessary a Companion to us all Day, should at Night sup with the

the Servants, and with them pig in a Garret.

His Majesty bowed Assent to all that his Highness had advanced, and the Town was again rummaged over for any excellent Habit, though not of the Soldier's Cut, that might but grace the Shoulders of *Edgar Cramp*, Esq; Master of his Majesty's Horse.

At length my Landlord, in his Return from the Search, almost heartless for the Fruitlessness of his Attempt, calling in at a Butcher's in his Way, as unwilling that any the most unlikely Place should pass neglected, spies the Man with an old black Velvet Coat before him, as he stood Sheers in Hand, debating how he might most advantageously cut it into a Waistcoat and Breeches.

My Landlord instantly caught him by the Sheer-hand, Hold ! hold, my Friend ! said he, this Garment must not be mangled till thee and I have further discoursed the Subject.

He enquired whose it was, and took it with him to the Owner, bargained for, and purchased it, returning Home with it to *Sawney* with smiling Glee on his Countenance, for expecting no less than it was for his Wear,
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(he seeming to be most anxious about it) he judged it to be pretty near his Size.

Sawney, rejoicing at the Prize, was dispensing his Orders for packing it upon *Edgar's* Poney, to be worn by him on his Arrival at Sir *Owen's*; when observing how majestic *Edgar* looked in his Armour, and feeling no Remains in his Head or Limbs of the late Anguish the Armour had occasioned him, his Heart relenting, he made *Edgar* uncase, for that himself would support that martial Habit; but as *Sawney* seldom acted without applying a suitable Reason for it, he insisted that the Cause of the present Alteration was, that *Edgar* might then wear the laced Coat, Hat and Feather, and by that Means appear in Character.

Edgar, soon as Thought, was slipped into *Sawney's* Coat, Hat and Feather; but then the great black Wig noways suiting *Sawney's* Headpiece, he insisted that Prince *David* should be shaved, and wear it by Way of full Bottom, untied. This was the toughest Job that *Sawney* had ever engaged in; but he urged so many Reasons, backed with the most prevailing Arguments, why, and wherefore, that the Prince at length condescended, and displayed

played his Grandeur in it to no mean Degree ; or indeed was the least Fault to be found with *David's* Cheeks, whilst thus ornamented, for that not above two Fingers Breadth of the Middle of his Face was apparent, the Remainder being wholly drowned in an Immensity of Perriwig : However, as he could make Shift to perceive his Way through the Bush, he rested content with the Magnificence of it.

Sawney being once again incased in the Armour, and *Edgar* strutting under his Master's Trimmings, though they met not before by a full Foot or more, or could he bring his Arms before him ; yet it was a laced Coat ; and the Prince assuring him, that from thenceforth he would have but little Use for his Arms, his Majesty intending him a new Dignity, he sustained it even to a Miracle.

Having thus coated, hatted, and sworded the Squire, and tied his lank Hair behind with a black Ribbon, *Sawney* invested him with the Order of Knighthood, by two Yards of green Ribbon over his Shoulder, to which *David* annexed a real Thistle ; when who so great as Sir *Edgar* !

The several above Operations had already wasted so much Time, that they
feared

feared Sir *Owen* would stay Dinner for them ; so that without further Ceremony they cleared the House, mounted their Steeds, and took Leave of their Inn for their new Principality ; but surely such a Figure as Sir *Edgar* made, is not to be matched in History ; for his brown Yarn Stockings, his greasy Leathern Breeches, and his dirty striped Flannel Waistcoat under his other Finery, could by no other Knight be paralleled.

It is a stupenduous Thing ! to consider how suddenly Advancement in Title causes an Elevation of the very Genius of the Individual, and what a fresh Air the Person assumes upon each adventitious Turn of Prosperity. We introduced to the Company of our wandering Monarchs, scarce three Months before, a raw, shabby, illiterate, loobily Country Fellow, almost one of the most contemptible of his own Species, (saving that he had a good open Face, and Bulk proportionable to any two fizable Men) unpolished, bashful, silent through Awe, but naturally valourous.

How speedy then was the Transition, from the above unformed and unwieldy Mass of Mortality, to the gay, the facetious, the portly, the accomplished Sir
Edgar,

Edgar, strutting with Crest erect, and throwing, but by Chance, his lofty Eye upon the vulgar Herd beneath him; for now he had received his Lesson, that every manual Part of his former Duty was to be exercised by Deputy only, he even disdained one Day to fetch his Master's Snuff-box from the next Room, but went down two Pair of Stairs to order up a Servant for that Purpose.

He sat as erect on his Pad as an Arrow, though he might almost have strided over his Horse; for his Legs were so long, and his Poney so diminutive, that he had but little Labour in vaulting into his Saddle. However, such as himself and his Horse were, they arrived with the two Princes at *Sir Owen's Gate*; but so late had they made it, that the Baronet, having ceased for some Time to expect them, had already dined.

The Servants having received their Cue, ushered them into the Parlour, whilst *Sir Owen* and the Doctor were watching their Motions from a Window which overlooked the Yard; but the Divine was no less puzzled to think who this third Person in their Company should be, and in Armour too, (for he took it for *Sawney* in the

the laced Coat) than Sir *Owen* himself; for though he had seen *Edgar* the Day before as he waited at Table, he could form but a slight Conjecture, that the same Man should personate two such opposite Characters.

The Baronet and Doctor were not over-flow in receiving their new Guests, being greatly pleased with their Deportment; and the Parson having previously informed him which of the three was to be his Lord, Sir *Owen*, dropping upon one Knee, craved the Favour of his Highness's Hand to kiss, whilst the Parson was paying his Devoirs to Sir *Edgar*, whom he all the while took for *Sawney*.

Here all the Fat had like to have been in the Fire, and *David*, burnt out of his Principality, must have fled by the Light of it, for want of a Tincture of the Standard Blood-Royal in his Veins; for upon Sight of Sir *Owen* reduced so low to him, having never been accustomed to such humble Adoration before, his Highness was so ashamed, that he was about to have complimented Sir *Owen*, and to have prevented the Salute of his Hand, by so great a Man, in so reverential a Posture, had not *Sawney*, who had most scrupu-

scrupulously dived into the ceremonial Laws, made several Signs for his Acquiescence ; when reaching forth his Hand, he permitted it.

Sir *Owen* protested what Hope he had conceived, from the Honour of his Highness's Presence, at a small Repast he had purposely prepared for him, till despairing of his making him so happy, and judging, by his so long tarrying, that he had met with nobler Entertainment elsewhere, he acknowledged the Confusion he was then under, (his Family having all dined) at his being wholly unprepared for his Highness's and his noble Friends Reception ; but as he had Hopes from the Report of his good Friend *Plausible*, that his Highness would honour his House with some Stay in it, he should endeavour to be better provided against another Day.

Sir *Edgar* looked very much dejected upon this News, as did *Sawney* also, under his Helmet ; but *David* replied, that he must own it had fallen out the more unfortunately, in that several Preparations they had to make before their Outset, had already postponed their Breakfast ; but as
it

it would not be long to Supper-time, they must make it up then.

Supper! said Sir *Owen*. Does your Highness ever assist at that unwholesome Meal? Or either of you Gentlemen? added he to *Sawney* and *Edgar*. You must know, continued he, that in this Country, we hold it as one of the most pernicious Things in Nature to give the least Indulgence to our Appetites of a Night; it interrupts Sleep, occasions Confusion in the Dreams, is a dead Weight upon the Stomach; and, in short, it is the general Observation amongst us, even to a Proverb, that your Supper-eaters are Men of heavy Genius, unqualified for Thought, and a lumpish, worthless Generation; but I make no Dispute, my Lords, of his Highness, or your ever eating Suppers.

David and Sir *Edgar* were within a Thought of confessing the Affirmative, suspecting the Difficulty of holding out till Morning without it; but *Sawney*, who penetrated deeper into Mysteries than his Associates, replying, (with an hollow Sound, as through a Trunk, whilst his Head was inclosed in the Armour) that he had ever been of Sir *Owen's* Opinion, and that neither himself, or either of them,
chose

chose late eating. *David* and *Edgar* both joined in the Abuse it was of the good Creatures, to wanton them away just when a Man was going to lose all Benefit of them by a good Night's Rest ; but his Highness, lest he should be put absolutely fasting to Bed, added, that it had ever been his Custom to drink a Can of Ale in an Afternoon, with which, by Way of Relish, he used frequently to take a Mouthful of Bread and Cheese. However, no one taking, or at least seeming to take Notice of what he said, they had all Drink enough it is true, but not a Crumb of any Edible ; or dared a Soul of them more to mention it, after *Sawney* had given his Verdict against Suppers.

The Chilness the Armour struck *Sawney* with, together with its Weight, which sat but scurvily on him, obliged him soon to part with it for his black Velvet ; but now *Sawney*, for the first Time, began to bethink himself what he must do for a Wig, for since *David* had parted with his Hair, they had but one between them, and that being in the Possession of *David*, *Sawney* must have gone bare-headed, but for the Liberality of good Sir *Owen*, who having an old Pigtail riding Wig by him, which
had

had already weathered out many a Winter, after infinite Compliments paid for its Indifference, offered it to *Sawney's* Wear as a Makeshift only ; but the Caul was so shrunk with using, and the Hair grown so thin, that it answered but to a meer Scull-cap upon *Sawney*.

Sir Owen having drank them pretty hard till Candle-lighting, and then assuring them how conducive early Hours were to sound Constitutions, and a vivacious Understanding, *Sawney* desired to be shewn to Bed, and the other two seconded the Motion, whilst *Sir Owen* and the Parson sat down to a good hot Meal, smoked their Pipes, and quaffed it away till Midnight.



C H A P. X.

Sir Owen tries their Patience. Debate on Eating. Sir Owen learns who Sawney and Edgar are. His Reflection. Speech. Edgar taken in the Manner. Rated by Sawney.

BOTH Sir Owen and Parson *Plausible* being Men of Humour, and having once begun upon disappointing their Guests of their Meals, they were resolved to stretch their Patience even to cracking, to see what two or three crack'd brained Fellows could sustain, in support of their favourite Scheme; when, not willing to engross the Whole of their projected future Pastime to themselves, Sir Owen proposed, as the next Day, to send an Invitation to all his Acquaintance, within due Distance round him, to dine with him on the Day following; purposing, at their first appearing, either by himself, or his Friend *Plausible*, to inform them who they were to encounter, and to instruct them in the Requisites of their future Entertainment.

We may imagine our three Travellers, by the next Morning, to have been excellently prepared for their Breakfasts, by the preceding Day's Fast ; and each lying in a separate Chamber, they were all stirring betimes ; but that they might have no Opportunity of seeking out Provender, till Sir *Owen* arose, he had ordered all their Chamber Doors to be locked, and had himself taken the Keys with him.

Our three Adventurers, finding themselves Prisoners in their several Apartments, beyond Possibility of escaping, had walked themselves into Fatigue, and almost fretted themselves to Death at their Captivity ; but no Redress offered, 'till, about Eleven o'Clock, Sir *Owen* and the Doctor visiting them, and severally seeming to admire at their being so early Risers, released them, protesting, that they had been as cautious as possible of making the least Noise, for fear of giving them any Disturbance ; but that now they were up, they hoped for Leave to wait upon them at Breakfast.

Not a Sound so musical as the last, had penetrated our Adventurers Ears for the four and twenty Hours past, and with abundant good Will they all embraced the

the

the Offer. Descending into the Parlour, they found two large Elbow Chairs at the upper End of a Table, and one other without Elbows, at a Distance, on which Sir *Owen* desired his Guests to be seated, the Parson and himself standing each behind one of the Princes, who had seated themselves in the Elbow Chairs, as Sir *Edgar* had himself in the other; nor would the Baronet or Parson be prevailed with to sit; but confessed the Honour, in being graciously admitted as Servitors to such eminent Princes; though, as yet, neither of them was apprized who *Sawney* was, or rather would be.

The Parson having blessed the Tea, a Bell was rung for the Toast and Butter; when a Servant appeared with a vast heaped Plate-load of it, which he sat upon the Table; but just as the Guests were extending their Arms to enjoy it, Sir *Owen* snatched it from before them, and rating the Fellow immoderately for the Crime, charged him to take it away again, and to bring only three small Slips in. Who did he imagine he was setting it before? Princes, or Ploughmen? Then turning to his Guests, he begg'd Pardon for the Passion he had shewed in their Presence,

but his Nature was such, as would not admit, under his Roof, the least Indecorum to pass before his Sovereign: For such mean ignorant Fellows as common Servants were composed of, could make no Distinction of Persons.

Sawney, who took all still for the best, (though himself and his Companions could have wished from their Souls, that the Fellow might have pursued his own Course) returned *Sir Owen* Thanks for the Sedulity he expressed, in seeing them properly accommodated; but interceded for his Forgiveness to his Servant; it being, as he was well assured, an Error arising rather from Ignorance than Wilfulness, which, at all Events, was pardonable.

Having drank their Skinsful of Tea, for the Toast was to each but a Mouthful, *Sir Owen* and the Doctor took their Leaves for a few Moments, not doubting, they said, but his Highness and his Friends might be desirous of private Conference; but under Promise to wait upon them again presently, and, as far as they were able, contribute their Advice towards establishing his Highness in his princely Dignity.

They

They then withdrew into an adjoining Room, purposely that they might delight themselves with the private Conceits of this Nest of Wrong-heads: For there interposing but a very thin Partition between them, they could there be Masters of their whole Discourse,

The Parson and Baronet had scarce taken their Stands, before *Sawney* began to raise mighty Encomiums upon the Parts and Education of the latter: For that assuredly he had been bred up in a Court, from the Politeness of his Behaviour, and the Refinedness of his Sentiments.

David admitted him to be, indeed, a very fine Gentleman, and proceeded to the Commendation of his House and Furniture, with the Elegance of every Thing about him; but Sir *Edgar* begg'd Leave to dissent from their Opinions; and for his Part, should he ever come to be vastly rich, he said, he would always live in an Inn, where a Man might have whatever he would upon calling for it: Truly! if all their Courts, and their Palaces, were as sneakingly managed as Sir *Owen's*, he would e'en return to his Mother again. — He had a Belly to be fed, as well as Back to be

covered; or could he eat Lace, or green Ribbons. — He was willing to hold out as long as he could, he said, without complaining; but what was a Post to him, if he must starve upon it? He could but have done that at Home.

Sawney hearing him run on thus, called him to order; charging him never to let his Tongue out-strip his Wit again. What? Did he imagine they were to be instructed by him, in the Forms of a proper Decorum; He could tell him, were it then a proper Time, of numberless Princes who had subsisted on meer Air, in Pursuit of their just Heritages; and yet, were far enough from submitting to Ceremony, (otherwise than just in Publick) when once they were fully settled. Nay, thou knowest, *Sir Edgar*, said he, that privately, and by ourselves only, we live not at the Rate thou perceivest it to be necessary for us to take up with here.

I must highly commend *Sir Owen's* Politeness, added *Sawney*, tho' I must allow with thee, that it was not over well timed: For, tell me, *Sir Edgar*, looks it at all courtly, for a Prince's Table to be crowded with such Mountains of Toast
and

and Butter, as scarce to leave us a Sight of each other a-cross them? No. In the general it does not: For Princes, who feast daily on all the Delicacies this Earth affords, are never presumed to feed for Hunger-sake, but just to taste, and piddle over their Viands, at the customary Hours of the Day. I say, therefore, it does not in the general; but every Man hath not the true Gift of distinguishing, and herein lay Sir *Owen's* Foible. He should have considered we had fasted all the preceding Day, which, if any Thing in Nature could, would have intitled a Man to a good Breakfast this Morning.

I know not what you call Sir *Owen's* Fobble, not I; but to my thinking, replied Sir *Edgar*, it was our own Fobble, to suffer such a Power of Toast as there was, smoking hot, and swimming in Butter too, to escape us; nay, 'tis my Belief, I shall never get this Day out of my Head again, were I to live these hundred Years.—But a Body may'nt speak for one's self, when one's in great Company; or not a Sous but the Plate should ever have seen the Kitchen again.—I hope we are not to be fobbed off thus at Dinner too: For I'd sooner eat Oats with my

Tit in the Stable, poor Thing, than make such another washy Meal as the last.

I must own, Sir *Edgar*, said his Highness, I am entirely of your Opinion, as to what the Breakfast was ; and also, as to what it might have been, had not the Toast been countermanded. Neither can I altogether disagree to his Majesty's Sentiments, as to what Sir *Owen* ought to have considered, in regard to the tedious Fast we had observed ; but yet, I say, though we were reduced to a single Barley-corn a Day, so that at last we obtain but our Point, there can be no Room for Complaint. All will be better in Time, and we must have Patience.

Sir *Owen* and the Parson having laughed sufficiently at what they had over-heard ; composing their Countenances, re-entered to the Quality, and thereby prevented their further Argument. Sir *Owen* assured his Highness, that he had invited all the neighbouring Gentry for the next Day, when he intended to lay his Highness's Pretensions before them, in full Assembly, and require a Recognition of his Title ; and that his Highness might then make his Advantage of their instant Dis-

Dispositions, as himself should see most proper.

Sir *Owen* then taking his Highness aside, after some private Conference with him, begged to know what Ranks the other two Gentlemen, his Companions, bore? To which his Highness replied; that the one (pointing to *Sawney*) was *Alexander Bruce*, hereditary King of *Scots*; and that the other was Sir *Edgar Cramp*, his Standard-bearer, and Master of his Majesty's Horse.

It is much, said Sir *Owen*, that his Majesty should have quitted his Dominions, with no other Guards or Attendants, than only his Master of the Horse. It hath been his Misfortune, equally with my own, replied the Prince, to have lost Footing in our Royalties, by the Remissness of indolent Ancestors, and merely for want of their Efforts, in support of their undoubted Rights; which, tho' through their Negligence long remitted, we are now determined to assist each other in recovering; or doubt we in the least, but upon my Reinstalment here, to restore him to his Inheritance also.

Sir *Owen* blessed himself, to think what a vain Creature Man was, without a well

tempered Judgment and Reflection, that at one View, could encompass a Circle of Circumstances, all which must co-operate, to the Execution of any great Design; whereas, for want of ingrossing a due Number of Incidents, and by inscrupulously binding down the Imagination to the Event only, without a regular Examination of intermediate Causes, the End, for the most Part, miscarried.

Whilst the Parson had been discoursing *Sawney* upon the Plan of their future Operations, *Sir Owen*, having fished out of *David* who *Sawney* was, he approached him with the most profound Reverence.

Your Majesty will excuse the Omission of that due Regard I ought before now to have paid to your Royal Person, said he; but who, from Lips less to be credited than those of his Highness, could have conceived that my poor Cottage, could at once have been honoured with two such eminent Personages.—The Splendor issuing from the majestick Presence of my own Lord, encircled me to with its resurgent Rays, as to have diverted my visual Opticks, from even more transcendent Objects. Pardon therefore, great Sir, my ignorant, but innocent Error.

That

That Majesty sits triumphant on your Brow, must every Eye confess ; or could that Man behold, that traced not out in your royal Figure, a Descent from a Series of most illustrious Ancestors ; but Dread of an Excess, till I had gained Knowledge of your Dignity, prevented an earlier Prostration, for the Honour of kissing your Majesty's Hand, which now I crave, as the most humble and submissive of your Majesty's Admirers.

Sawney having gratified the longing of the obsequious Baronet, he recommended to the two Potentates a Walk in his Gardens before Dinner-time. This they consenting to, Enquiry was made what was become of *Sir Edgar* ; but no one had seen him depart, or could they gain the least Intelligence of him. However, they left Word with the Servants to send him after them.

They had not proceeded far in their Walk, when the Parson, by mere Accident, looking over a Yew-hedge, spied *Sir Edgar* amongst some flowering Shrubs, seated, and seemingly very busy, as he could observe from the Motion of his Hands, upwards and downwards ; but could not minutely distinguish what Exercise he was at.

Mr.

Mr. *Plausible* directing the Company's Eyes to the Place, they were all at an equal Loss for a Guess at his Occupation; though it was apparent, that he was under some Engagement. At length, *Sawney* proposed, if possible, to come upon him by Surprize; when Sir *Owen* leading them round to an Entrance, which directly introduced them to him, they caught him in the very Fact, of gnawing a stale brown Crust, and some Cheese as hard as a Brickbat, which he had plundered from a Wallet of one of the Labourers in Sir *Owen's* Gardens.

The Surprisal of so dignified a Man, in so mean an Office, chagrined *Sawney* most prodigiously; who himself, would have died upon the Spot, in Maintenance of the Royal State, rather than to have wagged but a Finger, in Diminution of his personal Grandeur; but Sir *Edgar* was not so nice, as yet; for the Frowns of his Majesty, or the Smiles of the rest of the Company, could not divert him a Jot from his Purpose, till he had gulped down the last remaining Crumble of it.

Sir *Edgar*, said *Sawney*, (taking him aside, so soon as they were in the open Garden again) I am amazed, that a Man
of

of your Estimation in Life, should submit to the coarse Feeding we found you at but now; which even the lowest Country Hind would despise, but for the mere Sustentation of his Being; when under the Munificence of good Sir Owen, we have so much nobler Viands in Expectation at Dinner to Day. How can you imagine your Stomach should digest, what I am surprized your Teeth were able to masticate, but now?

May it please your Majesty, replied Sir *Edgar*, a Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Bush; nor were any Hopes ever stronger, or to my thinking, better founded, than mine were Yesterday, upon the glorious Meal we should have made on our Arrival here; but they failed me; we were too late we were told for Dinner. What, in all Nature, could have bid fairer then for a thumping Supper, had it not been the Custom of the Country to eat none? Well! a Breakfast was a Meal, that most undoubtedly, no Custom could oppose. What then prevented a Belly-full? but the Unpoliteness of feeding like Ploughmen.

I am not in the least, added he, against joining with your Majesty, in my hearty

heartly Prayers for a good Dinner, notwithstanding the Morfel I have scarce staid my Stomach with; but should it prove the Usage in *Wales* not to dine of a *Friday*, as I have heard it is in some Countries, what will such Lives as your's and his Highness's be worth, by To-morrow this Time? Not a scalded Pipin.

Come the worst to the worst, I can hold out another Day, which, believe me, will be more than either of you can: Then why am I to be upbraided for want of Decency, any more than the Hinds you spake of? When I made not that homely Meal from Choice, but from the very Motive you will allow for their making it, the Preservation of my natural Body; or did I ever yet doubt, but whatever my Teeth would prepare for it, my Stomach would act its Part with.—But it is well remembered, indeed, the poor Man, whose Luncheon hath thus regaled me, must not fast for my Sake. I'll search him out, and bestow some Halfpence upon him for his Bread and Cheese, with which he may purchase him another Dinner.

There

There again, Sir *Edgar*, said *Sawney*, I would not for fifty Pounds, that Sir *Owen* or the Doctor had been Witness to this Expression of your Generosity! Half-pence! quoth he. Half-pence! to a poor Object, whom you have injuriously defrauded of his Provisions; and these Half-pence too, from a Person in such Esteem with a mighty Prince, as you must be sensible you are with me!—Half-pence!—The Sound shames me, from the Mouth of my Master of the Horse, which would better have befitted a Rubber in the Stables of a Stage-Coachman.

Now I am upon this Topick, Sir *Edgar*, added *Sawney*, I must instruct you somewhat for your future Conduct. You still bear about you too much of the Lout; the Country Lout: Nor weigh you in a just Balance the Honours of the Station you are arrived at.

You are as yet but just within the Verge of Honours; but may expect them to be daily multiplying upon you. A Knight, though in Truth, of that Order, you are one of the noblest, is still below a Baron, an Earl, a Duke; all which you may in Time arrive at; the one swallowing up the

the other, as the Cuckow her Foster-mother.

Here you see are many Steps yet for you to ascend to Honour by ; but if a solid Basis is not formed to superstruct upon, the Fabrick totters but the more, for its stupenduous Height ; and though it falls not totally, is disregarded.

Ignoble Souls in the Minions of Princes, proclaim these partial, or what is worse, undiscerning : For the Current, wherein alone princely Favours ought to flow, should be so pure, as to afford no Filth, even though you trace it to the Fountain Head.—Half-pence !—out, out upon the Word.—Away ! give the honest Man a Crown at least, to gladden his Heart, that he may bid thee welcome.—But harkee !—he may have more left.—It may be some Time to Dinner yet, and out of Sight of the Company, one might just play with a Mouthful one's self.

Odds Heart ! replied Sir *Edgar*, here are more Words made of a trifling Thing than its Worth ; not that I was ever looked upon as a niggardly Sort of a Man, neither, not I ; and many and many there are that can witness it, if I had them but here.—Why ? I purposed to have given
the

the Fellow an whole Silver Six-pence, and I had had it ; but how could a Body do that out of Four-pence Half-penny, which is all the Stock I have left.

Sawney, commending his Propensity to a generous Action, allowed it was not to be done in his Case ; then giving him ten Shillings, he sent him on the Errand strictly enjoining him to bring back a Piece of his late Regale, whether he should make Use of it or not. Then seeking out the rest of the Company, he joined them.



C H A P. XI.

Sawney choaked in private. Group of Confusion. Effects of Honour. Shocking Disappointment. Sawney's Resentment. Reconciled at a fine Banquet.

THEY had not taken many Turns before Sir *Edgar* returned from his Errand, having paid the honest Labourer one Crown for his own Meal, and, upon his Recommendation, another Man the Remainder of the ten Shillings, for his Allowance, for his Master ; but he had much ado to get free from three or four more of them, who would fain have disposed of their Dinners upon the same Terms ; or at half Price, rather than have failed.

He crept up close to his Majesty, and giving him a Tip by the Elbow, first popt the Cheese into his Hand, and then the Bread, which this as cautiously stole into his Pocket ; or would his Impatience for this delicious Morsel, the very Touch only of which, had already flooded his Mouth with Water, permit him long to delay it's Fruition ; for sculking behind his Company, he sneaked such Fragments as he could best dislodge from the Bread,

Bread, into his Mouth, at Times, with the utmost Celerity and Privacy; but as for the Cheese, it resisted his every Effort for it's Separation; or had he other Chance for a Relish of it, than by an Application to his Teeth.

He had by Degrees taken down about three Mouthfuls of the Bread, when for Want of its proper Adjunct, he grew almost raving; and at the Return of the Walk, pretending a certain Occasion for staying behind his Companions; whilst their Backs were presented to him, clapping the Lump to his Jaws, he by main Force broke off a large Piece towards the Heel, almost too much for his Mouth to contain.

His Majesty still kept his Face to the Corner, which he had first planted himself at, wholly intent upon reducing the stubborn Dainty to his Swallow; but all in vain? Its Bulk preventing that Power, which his keen Jaws could have gained over a lesser Portion; till the Baronet missing him, they all turned about to see what was become of him.

Beholding him still fixed to his Station, they proposed returning to him; for he must certainly be somehow disordered, or he would never have maintained that
Post

Post so long. They did so, and being loudly inquisitive after his Health, poor *Sawney*, (whose Mouth was already so full, that it was impossible for him to squeeze an Answer through it,) lest he should be surpris'd in the Fact, they being now pretty near to him, at one bold Gulp, aimed at swallowing down the yet not yielding Morsel ; when lo ! the disastrous Angles sticking in his Gullet, and well nigh stopping the Play of his Lungs ; blackening in the Face, (as the lesser Evil of the two) he turned about, with his Mouth wide-gaping, and his Legs scarcely able to support him.

This fearful Spectacle, (not a Soul of them being able to conjecture from whence it should proceed) gave each of them, but especially to his Highness, a Shock intolerable ; little imagining they should ever hear him speak more.

He leaned Sideways upon the Parson's left Breast, supported by his left Arm round him, whilst *Sir Owen* called out to the Gardener, to bring Water instantly, and send some of the Labourers to their Assistance : For *Sawney* stood pointing to his Throat, and issuing many surprising, inarticulate Sounds from thence, while

David

David cried out ; Thump him on the Back, thump him on the Back, Sir *Edgar*.

Sir *Edgar*, unwilling to lose so noble a Benefactor for Want of due Thumping, thought, if that would bring him to himself again, he would no Ways be wanting, in effecting a speedy Cure ; and to it he went, with so little Mercy, that had not Sir *Owen* observed *Sawney's* Distraction, at the Severity of the Blows, and withdrawn Sir *Edgar* from his Exercise, they might have proved of more fatal Consequence than the Cheese to him.

His Majesty, being by this Time almost past all further Observation, and foaming at the Mouth prodigiously ; Sir *Owen*, that he might not be strangled with the Froth, thrust his Hand into the Patient's Pocket, for his Handkerchief, to wipe it away with ; when, to his no small Astonishment, he extracted the Remains of a large brown Crust ; but the Utenfil not residing on that Side of the Man, upon a Search in the opposite Vehicle, its Companion, the Cheese, soon explained the Mystery of the Potentate's Calamity ; upon which, notwithstanding the

the near Approaches of Death to the Patient, they could not choose but smile to themselves, at the Methods Majesty had been compelled to submit to.

The Gardiner, ignorant of what Use the Water might be intended for, brought it in the watering Pot, which *Edgar* espying, not suspecting it to be designed for other Use, than sprinkling his Master, as he had often seen it applied to Persons in Fits; he snatched it out of the Fellow's Hand, and fell to watering of *Sawney* in the Face through its Rose, to such a Degree, that both himself and the Parson who sustained him, were almost drowned in it, before the latter could give him proper Notice to desist; or could the Doctor be so uncharitable, as to quit the Aid he ministered to *Sawney*, lest he should have fallen to the Earth without it.

The Parson being thus thoroughly soufed, committed his Charge to two of the Labourers Care, when Sir *Owen* wringing off the Rose from the Water-Pot, directed the Gardiner in applying it to *Sawney's* Mouth, that pouring some in there, it might find its Way to his Stomach, and wash down all Obstructions; which Method of Cure, by lubricating the
Parts,

Parts, after some few Experiments, made Way for the rude Gobblet; which having now descended to the common Receptacle, after two or three Indraughts for Air, his Majesty, by his own Voice, proclaimed himself a living Man again.

We have heard of some such rigid Practicers of Virtue, as would by Choice have surrendered themselves to the severest Punishments, or even to Death itself, rather than to have been compelled to a dishonourable Action; and Women we have met with so magnanimous, as to have braved that grim Serjeant, in Defence of their Chastity; but what are Virtue, or Chastity, to Honour, placed in the Custody of the singularly discerning.

Had *Sawney* had as many Lives as a *Polipe*, with as many Kingdoms dependant on each, as the Moon surveys in a Winter Evening, he would have parted with them all, to have avoided the late fatal Accident; not for the Pain he endured, tho' that was almost insufferable, but for that the Cause of it was, as he judged, but too palpably discovered, by the Contents of his Pockets, which then lay upon the green Swarth, exposed to every intruding Eye of his Companions.

Then,

Then, the Indecency of such base Refuse in the Pocket of Majesty, in his Esteem, depreciated him to a vile Plebeian.

Sir *Owen* perceived the King's Dejection, or was he long surmising the Cause of it ; but having still a further Game to play, he affected Blindness to what had passed ; then ordering all the Aid to retire, he conducted the Guests to the House, where the Parson and *Sawney*, who had equally been subjected to the Scowring, might thoroughly cleanse, and dry themselves.

Long had they not been housed, before the Dinner Bell was rung, to collect the Family together ; the very first Note of which, was as plainly to have been discovered from the Strangers Eyes, as from the Pulsation of its Clapper. They brightened, looked pleas'd, fought out for their Places, and were determinately bent upon such a Regale as they had never before made ; but now the Dishes pouring in apace before them, seemed to consist of such a Variety, that their Minds were never more divided, than upon what to fix their first Choice ; or wanted they more Ceremony to have passed, than all to have fallen to directly ; but the Parson had absconded, and no Feeding

ing could go forward, till he had sanctified the Meats.

We must own, he had not rightly judged his Absence; but as *Sir Owen* himself, seemed not over much moved at it, his Guests could shew no Tokens of their Displeasure; at length, the Parson arrived, and who could have suspected, but another Moment must have blessed them with Fruition; but now, *Sir Owen* insisting on waiting upon their Royal Persons, and *Sareney* Tooth and Nail opposing it, (for *David* stood neuter, nay, would rather the whole Principality should have waited, than his Meal to have been thus postponed) such a long Argument ensued, as kept them all on their Feet, for a full half Hour; till his Majesty having pronounced his Royal Command for their all being seated, they took their Places at the Board, and a perfect Calm succeed.

Sir Owen then recommending the Fish to his Majesty, which consisted of a large Turbet, surrounded with a smaller Fry; he was preparing to help himself thereof, whilst the Prince, eying a Couple of Capons, sat languishing with Desire for a Leg and Wing; but *Edgar*, who was placed still lower, with an excellent Plumb-

Pudding before him, could noways persuade himself, there would be any false *Latin* in laying such a Ground-work of that, as he might raise a Pound or two of a noble Surloin of Roast Beef upon, which appeared at his Right-hand.

They all three, much about the same Instant, sticking their Knives into such Things as they had fixed their Minds upon, were almost converted into Statues with Amazement, at the extravagant Disappointment they met with, from the several supposed Edibles they had attacked; not one of which, upon the Scrutiny, proving other than a crusty Shell of what they severally represented, and that, of no more Substance than a common Wafer; but so exquisitely resembling what they aimed at, that nothing but the Touch was capable of discovering the Deceit.

The Princes Chagrin, at this unexpected Imposition, arose beyond all that the Imagination can paint; or was it in the Power of *Sawney* himself, encompassed with all his majestick Gravity, to suppress the rising Suggestions of his own Mind: For, applying himself to Sir *Owen*, Sir, said he, is it conceivable by you, that the natural Man can be so absorbed in adventitious Majesty,

Majesty, as ever to be divested of human Appetites? a Principle whereof is, that it must eat to live; or is it, that we are fallen into wrong Hands, who conscious of his Highness's Title, yet unwilling to further his Designs, would therefore dispatch our Persons, to stifle his Claim to the Sovereignty over you? If this should be your View, why suffered you us not to pursue our own Measures? We sought not your Alliance, or Assistance; 'twas you sought his Highness's Protection, and under that, claimed the Merit of acting dutifully, in Hopes, no doubt, of a sufficient Recompence from his Highness's future Favour; nor had you missed your Aim, if I am rightly apprised of his Highness's benevolent Disposition to you.

We were neither destitute of Friends, or of Cash, to have supplied our temporal Wants; or will his Highness, or myself, deposit those Lives with you, which, for Years to come, may be so happily employed in the Conservation of our several Subjects. It remains only, that in his Highness's Name and my own, I return you Thanks for the few Favours already conferred upon us; but henceforth, will we make an Interest in Mortals. We are

no airy Phantoms, that can feed on *Æther*; but being compounded of Flesh and Blood, on those alone must feast our Valour for immortal Action.

Sir *Edgar*, give Command about our Horse, and Armour; our Pleasure is to march forthwith.

His Highness had abundant Matter ready to have added, upon the above Topics, when Sir *Owen* rising from his Seat; Dread Sovereign! and you most powerful King of *Scots*, said he, whence rise those Blasts that flashing from your Eyes, would shrivel up my Essence even to Annihilation? What! am I fallen then, beneath your Royal Clemency, to reinstate me in the Roll of your most abject Vassals?—Hard Fate for well deserving!—Proclaim my Crime, I will subscribe myself a Traitor, and from this Arm receive my Punishment.

But if Constructions not injurious are put upon my Deeds, whilst Reason steers your Judgments, which, far be it from me, your most submissive Slave, to doubt, you will acquit me from all Shadow of Misfeasance, when I assure your Majesty and my Royal Master, that what you seem to take so heinously at my Hands, was
merely

meerly executed to delight you both, by exhibiting to you a feigned Repast, which having smiled at for a While, should represent in Shew only, the true succeeding Substance.

I purposed it but as a Bill of Fare, to publish to my royal Guests, what my mean Attempts could prepare for their future Entertainment. Then judge not rashly of my innocent Meaning; tho' it may have been a Freedom too nice, perhaps, for a Subject to have touched upon; yet being cloathed in good Design, I humbly crave your Highness's free Pardon for it.

Sawney, deliberating for a short Space, upon what *Sir Owen* had offered; — I own — I've been too sudden in my Prejudice, said he. — I condescend to charge myself with Blame. — Princes should weigh and scan each Action over, placing it in every Light it's capable of being beheld in, before they censure — I've done amiss — and you'll excuse — *Sir Owen* — I, tho' a Monarch, scorn not to submit my Sentiments to proper Rectification — No Man was ever perfect — or can I be. You have his Highness's Pardon, and our own — but now, proceed to introduce

the Substance; for that, and that alone, will convince us of the Pleasantry of it's Shadow.

Not to carry the Joke on further than it would well bear, the Picture being removed, the Reality, Dish for Dish, succeeded; but so lively had been the prior Imitation, that the Princes greatly suspected, the very same Dishes to have been replaced upon the Table; or would they venture again to help themselves, but recommended that Honour to Sir *Owen*; who, by the first Cut to each, having eased them of their Perplexity, they remorselessly laid about them, till they had amply cleared off all their old Arrears; hacking, flashing, and destroying all they could lay their Hands on; or was a Syllable to be squeezed from either of them, till rather fatigu'd than satisfied, they had cast aside their Weapons, till the next Call to Action.

Thus having finished their Meal, and washed it down with many successive Bumpers, of Prosperity to the Cause, they grew cheary for a While; till the Freight they had taken in, ballasting their Hulks to Steadiness, we find them snoring in their Chairs, till Supper invited them to a Repetition of their prior Labours;
(for

(175)

(for Sir Owen started no future Objection to that Meal) after which, introducing them to their Beds, we shall there leave them, whilst fresh Scenes were preparing for their Entertainment, with a new Set of Company, the next Day.



C H A P. XII.

The neighbouring Gentry introduced. Debate on their Proceedings. Sir Owen's Harangue in Praise of David. Debates upon his Title. Editha opposed to him. Proposed a Match for David. Sawney engages to take her.

ON the Arrival of Sir Owen's invited Guests, they were all ushered into a back Parlour, where Mr. *Plausible* had been planted, to qualify them for addressing the Royal Pilgrims; and into close Consult they fell upon their Behaviour to them, and how they should best carry on the Farce, for the Benefit of their own Amusement, whilst, at the same Time, they might re-enforce the Spirits of the Monarchs, by a Concurrence with their Schemes.

Having fully adjusted the Point, and the two Princes being placed in their Elbow-chairs, at the upper End of Sir Owen's great Hall, rightly prepared for their Reception; Sir Owen, as Master of the Ceremonies, introduced all his Neighbours to an Audience one by one, leading them

them singly up to the Thrones, (as he called them) and there giving the Princes the Name and Character of the Individuals, who, after their Obeisance to the Presence, and kissing both their Hands, were ranged by Sir *Owen*, to their Highness's Right and Left, on both Sides down the Room.

Having all thus paid their Duties, Sir *Owen* assured them how happy he esteemed himself, in that their natural and true Lord, with the royal Companion of his Peregrinations, had vouchsafed to honour his Dwelling with their Persons, the first of any within his Dominions. Gentlemen, added he to his Visitors, the Opportunity of your Presence on this solemn Occasion should urge us forward, by proper Ways and Means, to recognize the Title of the illustrious Personage now before us, to the Dominions we inhabit.

The World will, nay, must allow us to have been a brave and daring People, tenacious of our Liberties beyond most of our Neighbours. How many Lives have our Ancestors sacrificed in Support of our former Sovereigns? And shall not we, the Descendants from such a Race of Heroes, emulate the Example we account

so worthy, when so unparalleled a Chief appears before us, graced with the Virtues of the original Stem, and every Way resembling our hereditary Lords for Generations long since past ?

It is not an Height of Stature, or ample Expansion of Visage, as our own Examples can demonstrate, which constitutes and characterizes the Hero, but that Intrepidity of Soul, which, springing from the Blood only, diffuses itself through the whole Microcosm ; and then the straiter the Limits are it is confined to, the more vigorous and active are the Parts and Members.

Tell me, ye *Cambrians*, added he, raising his Voice, is there a Line in any of our ancient Princes, as yet preserved in our choicest Repositories, that may not be traced out in the little that as yet is visible of his Highness's Countenance ? Flourished there a Grace or Virtue in their Achievements, Dispositions, or immortal Deeds, that each apparent Feature of his Highness's Face doth not to the Life prognosticate ? Wher ever beheld you such Benignity, commixed with a like majestic Terror, as in the Prince before you ?

What

What shall I further add? the Time would fail me were I to descend to an Enumeration of Particulars. It is enough, indeed too much, for such undeserving Wretches as we are, to have had our Prince preserved to us, amidst the Millions of Perils that must have encompassed a Life so precious for many Years past; but what are mortal Efforts against those whom the Gods protect, and cover with angelick Shields from Harm?

Our Business is, (then let us join Hand and Heart in the Pursuit of it) with humblest Submission to receive his Highness's Commands, to take Order for Reduction of the Realm to his Obedience, and by every winning Art to gain in him a firm Patron, Sovereign, and Benefactor, which should we not meet with in the Prince before us, whom but ourselves and our own indirect Practices can we blame for his proving the Reverse to us? For believe me, Gentlemen, I, who have seen more of his Highness than any of you have, am enabled to judge, that how dreadful soever he can appear to the im-meritorious, so placid and serene will every deserving Member for ever find him to them.

The

The whole Assemblage then lifting up their Voices, proclaimed their Sense of Sir *Owen's* Harangue, and of his Highness's Pretensions, by the loudest Acclamations of long live Prince *David*, Sovereign of the *Cambro-Britons*, save one Member, who seemed sulkily to droop his Head, unwilling to have been suspected of joining in the Salute.

As in all politick Assemblies, it is absolutely necessary to have some Dissident, who, by opposing current Measures, may draw Matters proposed into Debate, without which neither the Reason or Utility of Schemes would be discussed; so it had been agreed, that one of this honourable Body should oppose, in order to bring his Highness's Title upon the Carpet, that they might be apprized what Foundation he had hitherto proceeded upon, and whether, in the Nature of Things, there could be any, though ever so remote a Plausibility, for his actual Descent from any of their ancient Princes.

Sir *Owen* then, who took upon himself the Office of Prolocutor, demanded the Cause of that single Member's obstinate Silence on so joyful an Occasion, as had excited Peals of Applause from the united
Voices

Voices of such an Assemblage of his Countrymen.

Mr. *Pendarvis* (the Gentleman thus held culpable) first making his Obeisance to the Throne, delivered himself in this Manner: Mighty Prince! if yet a Prince you are, which still with me wants legal Testimonials, my steady Heart, no less attached to my natural Sovereign than the rest of the Gentlemen present, disdains to follow Sound, where only Sense should lead it.

It is true! I am told you are my Prince; but were you so, how would yourself condemn my following another, of whom I had only heard that he was so? All Proof subsists in Matter of Fact, demonstrated by legal Evidence. Produce me this, my Will must then assent; without it, though I noisily concur with other's Actions, I cannot mentally participate of their Submission, or rejoicing on the Occasion.

He ceased; when *David*, rising from his Chair, assured the Assembly, that he had never troubled his Countrymen with his Presence, much less with his Pretensions to supream Authority, could he not have made out his Claim as evident as the Sun in the Firmament; or required he Obedience from such as were no Subjects

to

to him ; for that he was the Son of *Stephen, ap Rice, ap Morgan, ap Roderick, ap ———*, and had almost ran himself black in the Face, for want of Breath to descend to the Root of his Ancestors, when the above-named dissenting Member craved an Halt ; for that, as no Doubt he would not have given himself the Trouble of appearing amongst them upon an insupportable Errand, and that by Word of Mouth, without a just Deduction of his Pedigree in Writing, for their Perusal and Consideration ; so producing of that, would clear the Way to his Wish's Completion, far beyond the most elaborate Speeches, though ever so just and sonorous.

David then offered to produce to them a Catalogue of his immediate Ancestors from his Majesty's Pocket, who, he told them, had lately borrowed it of him ; but he having delivered it amongst other Papers and Memorandums to Parson *Plausible*, as Part of his Instructions for the Manifesto ; and the Doctor having left it behind him, the dissenting Member exulted prodigiously, condemning his Countrymen, for too rashly engaging under such groundless Improbabilities ; till the good Doctor professing, upon his reverend Veracity,

Veracity, that such a Thing was lodged in his Hands, and unintentionally left behind him, they came to a Compromise for proceeding, by the most rational Enquiry, into the Merits of Prince *David's* Pretensions, till the Pedigree should be laid before them.

Amongst a Variety of Arguments, *pro* and *con*, the dissenting Member, from the Hint *David* had given him of the latter Branches of his Family, could not be persuaded, he said, but that, were the Account the Prince had already given of his Genealogy true, *Editba Morgan* must still be nearer in Blood to the last Possessor of the Principedom than Prince *David* could pretend to be; and run on with an Account of her Predecessors. Now, added he, should we settle the Principality upon Prince *David*, and pay our Submissions there, before the Princess *Editba's* Claim is determined, either by Composition or Renunciation, I submit it even to these noble Princes themselves, whether we may not draw upon ourselves a Civil War, and thereby render our Properties less secure to us than they now are.

Another Member then starting up, (for by this Time the rest of the Company, though

though they knew not what, yet guessed he must have some Design in the Nomination of *Editba Morgan*) assured the Assembly, that his Opinion was for discussing that Point, and surmounting every Rub that *Editba* might cast in their Way, previously to the publick proclaiming of Prince *David*.

To this Mr. *Pendarvis* replied, that most true it was *Editba* had Pretensions; but then it might be said she was a Woman, and might therefore, probably, prove unable to maintain them; yet, for avoiding that, or the Tedioufness the Discussion of such a Point must necessarily require, to clear up all Matters of so high a Nature to the Satisfaction of the Subject; he would propose, that the Prince should unite all clashing Interest between them, by an Intermarriage with her Highness *Editba*, at present his sole Competitor for the Government.

Sawney, who had sat most attentive to all that had been offered, at hearing this, begged Leave to inform them, that the Prince being already a married Man, they would do well to turn their Argument upon some other Hinge, where it might proceed more smoothly.

Mr. Pen-

Mr. *Pendarvis* seeming now to triumph at their being beaten out of all their Holds; and still insisting, that should not *Editha's* Claim be first determined, they might, by intermeddling in the Affair, burn their own Fingers: *Sawney*, ever anxious for the Service of his Friend, offered to marry the Princess himself, and take her to *Scotland* with him, upon her Renunciation of her Right in the Sovereignty of *Wales* to Prince *David*; which, he hoped, would not only compose their domestick Feuds, but make a more ample Provision for the Princess herself: Nay, must be what she would more readily comply with, than to remain in the doubtful Prospect of *Wales*, which she had already so long subsisted in.

Many of the Members with Chearfulness embracing that Proposal, they appointed the next Morning for the Introduction of that Princess to our Monarch's Presence; and as no previous Courtship (they insisted) was necessary between crowned Heads, if his Majesty and her Highness approved of it, in order to save Time, and favour his Highness's Exaltation, they might then consummate their Nuptials; for that it was apparent, till that

that was concluded, no further Progress could be made in his Highness's Installment.

Sawney, desirous of striking whilst the Iron glowed, offered not at the least Let to their Proceedings, but declared his Readiness to receive her Highness to his Embraces, whenever she would honour him with her Consent ; so that Matters having been wrought up as far as they well could at this Meeting, a Committee of the present Members were appointed to attend her Highness with the Proposition, and to claim her Consent to it ; after which, the Assembly breaking up, the Members took Leave of the Princes till the next Morning.

No sooner had they retreated into a private Apartment, than they all flocked about Mr. *Pendarvis*, to enquire what the Devil he meant by the Princess *Editba*, and how they should come off the next Day with his Majesty, when no such Person was to be found.

Mr. *Pendarvis* was amazed, he said, at their Surprise, and the Ignorance they expressed of the Lady mentioned by him, insisting, that not a Man in the Room but had seen her, and knew her too perfectly well.

well. They all contradicting him, protested, that, till he mentioned her, they had never before even heard of any such Lady. No? said he, know you not my old Maid *Edy*, whom my Mother left me for a Legacy, and conditioned with me by her Will never to turn her out of my Family? That is the Lady, my Friends, added he, and can I but get rid of her, I shall be discharged of a Plague, who has been a Spy upon all my Actions for these eleven Years past, and kill two Birds at a Throw; make a Queen of *Scotland*, and a Prince of *Wales*, at an Heat.

The whole Company were captivated with the Method Mr. *Pendarvis* had devised, and most exquisite Diversion they proposed to themselves at the Wedding, intreating him to bring it about if possible: This he assured them he made but little Doubt of, if one of the gravest of them would but attend him Home, and back his Arguments with a solid Countenance, that the Person he proposed to her was a Man of Substance, and that as she might be sure of an ample Provision for his Life like a Gentlewoman, so the Law would allow her a Dower from his Estate after his Death.

Mr.

Mr. *Pendarvis* then informing himself from the Parson, who through *David* had fished out *Sawney's* Substance, and where it lay, that he had above two hundred and fifty Pounds a Year; taking with him a near Neighbour, of a steady Composure, and well known to *Edy*, they arrived at Mr. *Pendarvis's* House, most of the rest of the Company spending the Night at Sir *Owen's*, in Preparations for the Divertisement of the ensuing Day.

He sent for *Edy* into the Parlour; *Edy*, said he, as my Mother, thou knowest, in her Lifetime had a peculiar Regard for thee, which she entailed at her Death upon me; though my Humour may not so well have accorded with thine, but that we have had many sparring Blows together; yet, I say, at my Heart I have ever loved thee, as I doubt not but thou hast me. What say you? have you not? *Edy*. Ay, marry have I, said *Edy*, or I could never have borne the Treatment I have received from you ever since my good Lady your Mother's Death. O! I remember you a poor, little, helpless Creature, when the Midwife first delivered you into my Hands, naked as you came into the World, without a Rag to your Back; and

and I remember she said it would be lucky to me in a good Husband, and I know not what all; but I am sure I have had an hard Hand with you ever since.

Well! well! *Edy*, replied her Master, no more of that; the Day is now come that the Event is to be verified. What Event? dear Sir, demanded *Edy*. Why, the Midwife's Prediction, Child, said he, of a good Husband to you: But to leave joking; hark ye, *Edy*, What say you to Marriage with a Man of a pretty Estate? Nay, scowl not at me, I am in Earnest, my Friend knows I am. Indeed, Mrs. *Edy*, replied his Neighbour, I am Evidence of your Master's Concern for you, and can assure you, that nothing but your own Mismanagement can vacate your matching to a Man of Fortune, of some Hundreds a Year, as I am credibly informed.

Mrs. *Edy*, who was turned of sixty, but as hearty, through Temperance and Exercise, as a modern Lass of twenty-six, pricked up her Ears prodigiously at this Report, which wanted but little more than a thorough Confirmation for obtaining her Consent to. She hoped, she said, that her Master was not upon some of his Frolicks
with

with her ; for though she could not say but she should well like to be settled in Life in a Family Way, yet she could not imagine that any Gentleman could fall in Love with her before ever he had seen her.

There, *Edy*, lies the Thing, said Mr. *Pendarvis* ; or can one Girl in a thousand say she has ever been so happy ; but that is now to prove your Case ; nor, indeed, is one Woman in ten thousand capable of Admission to the Honour I design you for, *Edy*. I am sensible, by the Run of Behaviour I have remarked in you, that you are qualified to support even the Dignity of a Queen upon Occasion, much more of a private Gentleman's Lady ; and indeed, *Edy*, in this Case you must exert your Talents to that, as well as this.

To be plain with you, *Edy*, there is now a *Yorkshire* Gentleman at Sir *Owen D—rs*, a Man of Fortune, as I told you, who (from a wrong Turn in his Brain, by too great a Relaxation from his private Affairs, through Ease and Affluence) desirous of launching into publick Life, and that in no inconspicuous Station, hath fancied himself to be Heir to the Crown of *Scotland*, and now is, for the Benefit
of

of helping his Friend to the Principality of *Wales*, willing to marry you, as a Princess of the Blood Royal, and next Claimant to our Dominions.—I have recommended you to him as such.—He knows no more of you than this, or will he be undeceived, whilst you conserve the Secret.—Mr. *Williams* and I are dispatched on this Embassy; and you consenting, he is to marry you To-morrow. Now let us hear your free Sentiments on the Affair; for if you come not heartily into it, Hundreds there are at Hand, who would gladly stand in your Shoes, or rather go barefoot to the Wedding, than lose so glorious an Opportunity.

Edy smiled, looked grave, blushed, turned pale, just as various Passions by Turns gained the Ascendant in her Imagination; till, after a considerable Pause, Suppose he should detect and cast me off, said she.

As for that, replied Mr. *Williams*, you will be his Wife, his lawful Wife, Mrs. *Edy*, and must either live with him, and as he does, or choosing to part with you, he must allow you according to his Degree and Quality; so that there can be little Doubt of your ever after subsisting
in

in a genteel Way: Then, in Case of his Death, your Title to a Third of his Estate is indisputable; so that on all Hands you will be provided of an handsome Maintenance; and should you, as no Question will be the Case, under your prudent Management, live happily together, what so likely, as that he should leave you his whole Estate at his Death?

I'll marry him, Sir, said she; but what can I do for Cloaths to appear in, like the Princess you say I am to be? Have you none of my Mother's best Suits by you? said her Master. Only such, replied she, as are too grave for a Princess. Come, come, said Mr. *Williams*, what think you of Lady *Thomas's* Wedding-Suit? That is in Taste, to the Height of the Mode. You have seen it at Church. Mrs. *Edy*, I don't doubt. I believe it will fit you to an Hair, my Daughter being much of your Size.

Edy having consented to this, and all Preliminaries fully adjusted, the Cloaths being sent for, she went upon her Preparations for the next Day's Duty, whilst the two *Welch* Squires pleased themselves with the Conceit over their Bottle till Bed-time.

C H A P. XIII.

Edy's Chamber Soliloquy. Pompous Introduction of Sawney to her. Sir Edgar to make a Speech. His Perplexity. Interview of Alexander and Editha.

N O sooner had the Morning slipt on his rosy Livery, and springing from the East, gave Tidings of a fine Day, than *Edy* (whose aspiring Fancy had kept her vigilant Eyes upon Guard all Night) starting from under her Rug, like a Girl to the Rap of her Lover, slipt into her Under-petticoat ; when having previously placed all her Tackle in order over Night, she soon encased herself in Lady *Thomas's* Trappings, from Head to Foot ; whilst mantling, and simpering, she stood between two Glasses, with equal Vanity, as she would have done fifty Years before : Nor, after the exactest Survey, could she discover any of those Traces of Antiquity, which frequently, on former Occasions, had presented themselves to her, they being now totally obscured, by a Flow of the Scarlet Ribbons, which flourishing from her Crown to her Waist, by their

Vibrations, at every Toss of her Head, dispersed impermanent Shades over her whole Countenance.

She first elevated her Glasses to her Head-Dress, both behind and before; when, where had she ever hidden that Neck and Crest, which, at this Time o'th'Day, durst rival the Lilly for Whiteness, for Softness the Swan's Down.

Stooping her Glasses somewhat lower, she was struck with Admiration at that Shape and Symmetry, which she was amazed, that ever since she had been acquainted with *Edy Morgan*, she should never have beheld till then; but at the other Bend of her Glasses, she grew rapturous, at the Sight of such a Pair of Legs, so taper, so firm, so justly proportioned, as might have prided *Venus* herself to have been supported by: Or had she Power to drop her Petticoats from her Knees, to which Elevation she had raised them, till she had scrutinized them fore and aft, to a Nicety.

Who am I! and what have I been doing so many Years in Life! said *Edy*, that I should never till now have distinguished my own Perfections! O! that I had but earlier in Life discovered my own Worth!

Worth ! for others have seen these Beauties in me before, no Doubt ; and this Stranger, I question not, hath been traversing the Globe in Quest of such peculiar Charms, as my Master judging me Mistress of, hath recommended to him in me.

Then raising her Glass again, for the other Peep at her sweet Face ; I vow, said she, that were it not for the Loss of my Teeth, whereby my Lips fall in a little, I could fancy myself scarce Twenty yet ; but even that sinking, hath its Loveliness, by the seeming Smile it adorns my Mouth with.

Well ! all is not Truth that I have heard, I am positive. This Man, whoever he is, has seen me before, I will be sworn for it, and hath pointed out those Graces in me, which hitherto, to myself, have been imperceptible ; and despairing of Conquest, by his own Rhetorick, hath set these two Gentlemen upon me, to render his Suit the more propitious.

Be it so ! I am to be married, it is true ; but how ? flap, all at once ; he is to see, and take me. Surely, if I am worth having, I am worth wooing, and Courtship is the very Life and Soul of Wedlock,

lock, though but a Preliminary of it. But hark ! said she, my Master is stirring, and I must compose my Thoughts to receive him.

Mess. *Pendarvis* and *Williams* were by this Time at her Door, calling her to get ready, for that they should but take a Mouthful of Breakfast before they were moving ; but she, opening to them her Chamber, it was but too apparent, that make what Haste they would she must wait for them.

The two Esquires saluted her, protesting, that no real Princess could out-shine her : For that she seemed endued with that majestick Loveliness in her Person, Gait, and Graces, which might captivate the Heart of a far more scrupulous Monarch than King *Alexander* : Or doubted they how vehement would be his Impatience, for ingrossing so valuable a Treasure, so soon as he should behold her Charms.

Edy, who had so exactly adjusted herself before they arrived, as to be perfect Mistress of her own Perfections, knew not well how to suspect them of Flattery ; though Modesty caused her to blush at the Extravagance of the Encomiums they bestowed upon her ; or could she receive
them

them personally, without such slight Contradiction, as but the more inflamed their Professions in her Favour; but the Morning now wearing away, they brought her down with them, for that Lady *Thomas's* Chariot would wait her at the Door immediately.

A short Meal served the Turn of them, who had far better Game in view; and the Chariot being drawn up to the Gate, having conducted *Edy* into it, themselves on Horseback, attended her to the Barons.

Her Arrival was soon notified to the Princes, by Sir *Owen*; when *Sawney* himself would have received her from the Vehicle; but that Sir *Owen* dissuaded it, as a Condescension unworthy so great a Monarch, to one who, though a Princess, was still of Rank inferior to his Dignity; but requested, that himself, in his Majesty's Name, might conduct her to her Apartment, where it would be sufficient for his Majesty first to send her his Compliments, before he addressed her personally; but that he might have the earliest Opportunity of beholding her Person, if his Majesty pleased, he would plant him and his Highness at a Window, where

they might be Witnesses of her Comeliness as she passed them.

This being determined, Sir *Owen*, as deputed by this Monarch, ushered her Highness into the House, where the Company were already drawn up in Lines, to grace her Entry ; every Tongue resounding her Highness's Accomplishments, as the only Princess deserving of so puissant a Monarch as King *Alexander* ; till the Clamour of their Applauses, (for *Sawney* was pleased within hearing of them) had so inspired the royal Breast with Desires for her, that he was scarce able to wait out the Ceremonials, before he had cast himself at her Feet.

The Princess being housed, the whole Court attended his Majesty's Pleasure ; when a Deputation was dispatched, to enquire into her Highness's Health, and to signify to her, the Sense his Majesty had of the Honour she had done him, by her Presence at his Vice-palace. That as his Soul was already ravished by only a transient View of her illustrious Person, he should remain upon the tormenting Rack of Impatience, till he had her Consent to his Happiness, by an Union between them, in the inseparable Bands of Wedlock.

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The Deputies having executed their Commission, returned with her Highness's just Acknowledgments, for the supreme Felicity his Majesty was graciously pleased to minister to her, in the Proposal of her Partnership in his Monarchy, which would not only reflect the sublimest Glory upon herself, but on all her Subjects.

That his Deputies having informed her of the Cession she was required to make, of her Right in her Principality to Prince *David*, she admitted her Readiness, in that the Government would devolve on so excellent a Prince, whose distinguished Merit had with the strictest Justice claimed it, even in Preference to herself, though the undoubted Heir to it.

That her best Endeavours should be contributed to the aggrandizing his Majesty's Renown; that her future Happiness would entirely depend on his Majesty's Regard for her, which it should be her constant Study to improve; and that she should with Impatience wait the Arrival of that Moment, which would present him to her longing Eyes.

His Majesty's Soul was all in Flames, upon the Return of this Answer from her Highness, and he consumed for an Inter-

view with so adorable a Princess ; nay, he was scarce to be restrained from rushing inceremoniously into her Presence.

The whole Court then about him, most strenuously opposed his Inclination : For that such a Procedure, they alledged, though it might give Evidence of the Impetuosity of his Affection for the Princess, yet would be so far from weighing aught in his Favour with her, who was the most exact Observer of Punctilio's, that she might rather esteem it an Indignity, to be rashly broke in upon, without previous Intimation on his Side, or a particular Concession on her own.

These masterly Reasons of the Prince's Court, (as it was now called) backed by the Advice of his Highness, who dreaded the taking any Step that might but eventually prove his Eviction, by giving a Disgust to the Princess, at length prevailed over *Sawney's* intemperate Zeal for a Moment's Deliberation ; and a Message was again sent to her Highness, for her Permission, that his Majesty might then approach her.

The Demand was no sooner made, than granted, and his Majesty was again pushing forwards, in all the Extasy of the
most

most passionate Lover, for the Interview ; but here again he met a Check to his Fury, till the Ceremonials of his Introduction should be adjusted.

Prince *David* had not put his Court upon a proper Establishment as yet ; but as it was absolutely incumbent upon his Majesty, for the Honour of his State and Dignity, to be introduced to her Highness, preceded by proper Officers of State ; it was therefore proposed, that from out of the present Company, the Prince should nominate such Ministers, as might occasionally assist thereat ; whereupon a Debate arising, that the necessary Commissions might issue, it was at length unanimously resolved, that as such a Procedure would occasion greater Delay than the Exigency of Affairs would admit of, his Highness should only, at present, nominate his Ministers by Word of Mouth, to be afterwards confirmed by Commission, Patent, or Warrant, as the Usage of State should require. That Sir *Owen* should retain his Post of Master of the Ceremonies ; Mr. *Pendarvis* and Mr. *Williams* be Lords of his Highness's Bed-chamber ; several others to rank in inferior Posts, and that Sir *Edgar*, as his

K. 5 Majesty's

Majesty's Master of the Horse, and the only peculiar Servant of his Majesty, attendant on his Royal Person, should next in the Procession precede his Majesty, and open the Interview with a Speech on his Majesty's Behalf, before himself should address the Princess.

His Majesty and the Prince, but once to get over the Ceremonials, and for the Sake of falling upon Business, as readily concurred in this, as they would in any other Proposition that could have been advanced ; but Sir *Edgar* hung his Ears most grievously ; nor though he durst not publicly oppose the Determination, could he by any Means consent to it, from a due Sense of his own Imbecility for such an Undertaking, and was casting about in his own Mind, by what Means he might slip his Neck out of the Collar.

His Majesty pressing earnestly for proceeding directly to the Princess's Apartment, Sir *Owen* had now marshalled the Officers in due Arrangement, and march was the Word ; when Sir *Edgar* sickening at the Sound, and ready to drop upon the Spot, turning about as pale as Death itself, retarded the Solemnity, by his Request

quest of a private Word or two with his Majesty.

The King condescending to his Request, retired a while to a private Corner with Sir *Edgar*, where the latter plainly declared, that although he had looked upon himself as a Person of Note before he came to Sir *Owen's*, yet he plainly perceived himself to be but an insignificant Fellow, in a Circle of so great Company ; and that if it was the Business of a Master of the Horse to make Speeches, (which he could but little have expected) he must beg Leave to relinquish his Employment, that his Majesty would confer it on some one, whose Tongue was better hung than his own ; for that he would no longer serve him in that Capacity.

His Majesty, fully apprized of the Danger of Delay, comforted up the drooping Spirits of the dejected Knight with the most cordial Arguments he could devise, persuading him, that his modest Diffidence recommended him but the more to his Affection, and that he doubted not in the least of his Behaviour before the Princess, in discharging the Part of his Orator with Applause, when once he should set about it.

About

About what? cried the Knight, somewhat snappishly. I know not what to say, with all those great Folks staring at one so; neither can I tell when to begin, or when to end, not I.

Sawney then assuring him, that all he need to deliver would scarce exceed ten Words, proceeded to the forming a Speech for Sir *Edgar*, and insisted that no more would be required of him, than just to open the Conference, which himself would take up, and go on with.

Sir *Edgar*, said he, supposing me to be Sir *Edgar*, and yourself to be the Princess of *Wales*.—Observe me; now,—first, I make my low Obeisance to the Presence; then advancing a Step, as thus:—Most serene Princess, (I would say) the King my Master, from the intense Ardour he glows with for your celestial Charms, will express himself to more Advantage, when himself shall address you, than I can; therefore I shall crave Leave to refer your Highness to him.—Then, added *Sawney*, I, stepping forward, will proceed.

Nay, answered Sir *Edgar*, an that be all, I believe I can remember thus much well enough, so that you come but up in
Time,

Time, and take the Talk out of my Hands before I am driven aground.

This having engaged to do, and the Speech being so short, Sir *Edgar* expected no less than that he should acquit himself with Honour, and had even repeated it over to his Master with Applause, whilst the whole Court stood in Admiration at what the King and his great Officer were at; for though they could not hear what Words had passed between them, yet, by the many significant Motions of their Bodies and Heads, they could conceive no less, than that some mighty Work was in Hand.

They had now rejoined the Company, and the Procession moved forwards, Sir *Edgar* conning over his Lesson as he went, till he thought himself so perfect in it, that he could noways fail in the Performance; and e'er he arrived at the Room of Audience, had brightened up exceedingly; nay, was become not a little proud of his approaching Duty, in that he should be the first of them all that would break the King's Mind to her Highness, which he thought could not fail of constituting him her Favourite ever after.

These

These interesting Cogitations having encroached upon Sir *Edgar* with some Warmth, during the latter Part of the Solemnity, had, by the Time they were drawing up in the Princess's Chamber, almost effaced all Traces of the Speech from his Memory; but recollecting, as he thought, some of the Beginning of it, and having a floating Idea in his Head of the rest, nor doubting, but when once he was entered upon it, the Words would arise of themselves, till his Master should put in to his Relief; after such a profound Bow, as almost placed his Nose of a Rank with his Shoe-ties, he began, with —Most terrene Princess, the King your Master, from the pretended Arbour his Soul groans with, will compress more Advantage from you than I can, if you pretend to. — Sir! — Sir! cried Sir *Edgar*, whilst the whole Company could scarce contain themselves in due Moderation from Laughter, not only at the Speech, which was diverting, but at the Oddity of the Orator, which was truly remarkable, from the piteous Spectacle he made, being able to proceed no further.

The King observing his Confusion, clapt instantly in to his Succour, by spring-
ing

ing forward to the Lady ; before whom, on his bent Knee, with Eyes uplifted, and his Hands erect, Most excellent and respectable Princess, said he, the Merit of your Beauty, and those adorable Graces, so conspicuous to all the World, your Admirers, cannot but strike me with a becoming Terror, when I am incircled by the Sphere of your transcendent Brightness.

No mortal Man, from Worth intrinsic, can claim Title to your personal Enjoyment. How shall I then, the most abject of these, raise a Thought so high, as to aspire at your Affection? No, tho' a Monarch to the rest of Men, to you, most mighty Princess, a false Gem, too refuse for your Harbouring.—Spurn then this ignoble Offering of my Heart into its original Clay, or, with yourself, give it Life, and future Happiness.

Rise, gracious Prince, said she, this Posture suits your Duty to the immortal Powers alone ; nor can besuit a Ruler of the Earth to any worldly Object ; much less to her, whose everlasting Glory centers in the propitious Smiles of so august a Monarch.—May they for Perpetuity remain unchanged.

His

His Majesty then rising, by Help of the Princess's Hand, which she extended in Aid of him, accosted her Lips ; then having embraced each other, in Token of reciprocal Amity, he declared himself the happiest Prince that Day in *Christendom* ; but as no Joy, he said, could subsist without Alloy, so he admitted his must remain incompleat, till the connubial Ceremony had passed upon them.

The whole Court forbad the Banns, till the Act of Renunciation had passed from her Highness to Prince *David* ; so that seeing the Importance of that to be first had, an Hand was instantly set to work thereon, and the Royal Pair contented themselves to eat their Dinners before the Celebration of their Nuptials ; his Majesty insisting, that they should be performed by the Bishop of *St. David's*, as he stiled the Doctor.

C H A P

C H A P. XIV.

The Marriage consummated. Her Majesty's Household. Sir Edgar in Love with Winifred. Sawney makes them a Settlement. Measures concerted for sending the Princes Home. Method of it. What happened by the Way.

IT was towards Evening before the Renunciation was executed, and all Things adjusted for the Wedding ; when, in a very grave and serious Manner, *Alexander Bruce* was married to *Edithe Morgan* ; and, after as jovial an Evening's Entertainment of Eatables, Drinkables, Musick and Dancing, as ever the Dominions of *Wales* before beheld, the Bride and Bridegroom were conducted to Bed, with exceeding Pomp and Solemnity ; as also in due Time, were the rest of the Company, some drunk, some sober ; or was a Soul of them stirring 'till Midnight the next Day.

After due Compliments paid to the Royal Pair, they took Order for investing Prince *David* in the supreme Authority ; but as Nothing could be concluded upon, till the Pedigree

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Pedigree was produced, they had a Mind to hear whether *Sawney's* Scheme for the Sovereignty over *Scotland*, was of a Piece with his Friend *David's* or not ; and what Steps he meant to proceed by, for attaining his Purpose.

His Majesty laid before them the Plan which he had concerted with his Highness, of coming upon the *Scots* by Sea, and landing with an Army at the very Gates of their Capital ; but that was objected to by the Council, as too expensive ; in that a large Fleet must be prepared for the Purpose, and their Marine was but in a languishing Condition ; so that at Length, *Sawney* resolved upon a Land March, of Forces sufficient for overrunning all Opposition.

It having been determined that their Country-woman, her Majesty of *Scots*, should sustain Royal Dignity during her Stay at Sir *Owen's*, Mr. *Pendarvis* sent for a Niece of hers, and another young Woman, whom they dressed up to attend her, as Maids of Honour ; and his Highness engaged for augmenting her Retinue, so soon as himself should be settled ; but these young Women had not been admitted for two Days into the Service, before

fore Sir *Edgar*'s Heart had fled its old Mansion, and fixed its Head-Quarters in the Breast of *Winefred*, (her Majesty's Niece being so called.)

From the very Moment of its Departure, the Knight sickened, grew lumpish, languid, or ever raised his pendent Head, even at Meal Times. This cast his Majesty into the utmost Perplexity, or could he any Ways penetrate the Meaning of it; till taking him into his Closet, he insisted, that he should unbosom himself to him.

Sir *Edgar*, oppressed with Modesty, for some Time, withstood his Majesty's Attack; till overcome with his repeated Requests, he confessed, that even himself was a Stranger to his own Case; for that, tho' he could not fix his Ailment to any particular Member, yet ever since he had first cast his Eyes upon Miss *Winefred*, that young Lady had so engrossed both his sleeping and wakeful Imagination, that he had forsaken not only all Thoughts of the World, but of every Part of its Furniture, for the pleasing Reflection of her only. And this, as he perceived it to grow upon him more and more, he was afraid would so prey upon his Vitals, as to disqualify him

him for every Occupation, if it did not deprive him of his Senses themselves.

Sawney instantly pronounced upon his Case, that it was Love, a Passion, he assured him, irresistible by human Efforts ; therefore, as a Friend, advised him to submit to it, and entertain it favourably, which he would soon experience to be the best Way. That in the mean Time, he would consult his Royal Consort about the young Lady's Qualifications, and engage her Majesty's Interest for inducing her to an Acceptance of his Flame.

This reviving Profession of his Master, gave such a Philip to Sir *Edgar's* Melancholy, as to set him in an Extasy ; or would he scarce part with *Sawney* out of his Sight upon the Message, he so admired him, for the Excess of his Condescension to him.

Application was presently made to her Majesty, who promised her Influence in the Affair, and to give him her Answer in the Afternoon, so soon as she had discoursed Miss *Winefred* on the Subject ; whereupon she sent for her Neice, and also for Mr. *Pendarvis*.

Mr. *Pendarvis*, upon a Representation of the Case, told Mrs. *Edy*, that if she chose

chose to do her Niece a good Turn, it must be by subtracting somewhat from her own Expectations, and adding it to those of her Niece; and as *Sawney* had at least two hundred and fifty Pounds a Year, if she could engage him to settle fifty of it upon Sir *Edgar* and her Niece, it might be the Making of the Girl, and still leave herself a pretty Competency.

This *Edy* readily came into, and, in the Afternoon, assured his Majesty, that Sir *Edgar* being a very amiable Man, she perceived it would be a Labour of no extraordinary Difficulty, to make a Match between them, provided Sir *Edgar* had but any little Estate in *England*, to which she might resort, in Case of his Death, before he should have amassed a sufficient Fortune in *Scotland* for her Support.

He replied, that Sir *Edgar's* personal Merit and Valour, having solely raised him to the Post he enjoyed, he could not presume him to be possessed of an Estate of his own; when the Queen added, that then she should despair of compassing her Views with *Winefred*, who was resolute in a Non-Compliance, unless some Estate should appear, tho' of but the inconsiderable Value of fifty Pounds a Year,

a Year, to which, upon any Emergency, she might retreat as a Provision for her.

With your Majesty's Permission, replied *Sawney*, rather than Sir *Edgar* should languish thus, poor Man, as he now does, I would settle an hundred a Year upon them, from a little Estate I have in *Yorkshire*, which will be too insignificant a Thing for our Notice, when we come to be established in *Scotland*; but this I would not attempt without your Majesty's Approbation.

Edy replied, that whatever would be grateful to his Majesty, must needs be acceptable to her; and as it became Princes to reward faithful Services, not only with Donations pecuniary, but those of Land too, she would readily acquiesce, but should imagine, that if fifty Pounds a Year would content *Winifred* at present, he might as well make what farther Augmentation he should see fit to Sir *Edgar*, afterwards; which, by Way of new Obligation, would be then more acceptable to, and gratefully received by him.

Having gained his Queen's Consent, the Writings were forthwith prepared; whereby, *Sawney* conveyed a Farm of
fifty-

fifty-four Pounds a Year, in the Holding of Mr. *Peter Hedgestake*, unto Sir *Edgar Cramp*, and *Wenifred Brightly*, and the Survivor, and to his or her Heirs; and the very next Morning made the loving Couple Man and Wife.

Upon this Marriage, as Lady *Cramp* was not to be presumed further qualified for a Maid of Honour, she was advanced to a Lady of her Majesty's Bedchamber, and took her Place accordingly.

Prince *David*, shewing daily more and more Impatience at his not yet being publickly proclaimed, our *Welch* Gentry, who began to grow tired with a Repetition of the very same Kind of Diversion, nor choosing, though in a Joke, to be suspected of their Loyalty to their real and most valuable Sovereign; began to form Devices, whereby they might best free themselves from their Visitors, and in the quietest Way imaginable; for as they had fully answered the Mirth they had proposed to themselves by them, they were unwilling to cast them off so far from Home, to the Insults of the rude Vulgar.

At length they came to a Conclusion of either drinking them to a Pitch, or,
of

of giving them some soporiferous Draught, that quieting their Faculties, might prevent the Turbulency of a rigorous Expulsion; and under that Stupor, to convey them Home, if possible, or, at least, to such a Distance from Sir Owen's, that *Wals* might not be soon troubled with them again; for being three harmless, tho' wrong-headed Fellows, and *Sawney*, at least, a Gentleman, they were tender of using them with Roughness, or of putting any extraordinary Difficulties upon them.

Sir Owen having lately inclosed some Land for a Park, had stocked it with Deer, which he had procured from a distant County; and had then by him, demolished, a Waggon or two, which had been grated over with strong Lattice Work, for the Conveyance of these Creatures in; now one of these he had appropriated for the Carriage of these three Men, having two Partitions in it; so that tho' they might be able to see, and converse with each other, yet they might be confined to their separate Apartments.

They had for two Evenings following, exhilarated the Spirits of their Visitors to as high a Pitch as possible, in Hopes to have overcome them with Liquor, which

in

in their Mirth was distributed to such new invented Healths, as they were by no Means able to oppose; but tho' Sir *Edgar* had napped it once or twice, and his Highness, and *Sawney*, were alternately top-heavy; yet were they never altogether so far gone, as to be wholly insensible; which was what the Gentry wanted.

On the third Night, all being prepared for the Expedition, and the Waggon-Bottom well covered with clean Straw, a Portion of *Laudanum* having been conveyed into each of their Liquors, just so much, as by Advice of the Learned, would suffice to their Stupefaction, not exceeding twenty-four Hours: So soon as that had operated to the quiet disposing of them, they were deposited in their several Cells, and sent off by the nearest Way to *Sawney's* Habitation; but that the Joke might be the more compleat, the Carter was to ride a white Horse, with himself a Milk-white Frock on, whilst the two Servants, on black Horses, sent to guard them, were cloathed in mourning Cloaks; all having received strict Injunctions, upon no Account to speak a Word to their Prisoners, or even to laugh at them; but to behave to them with all the gesticular Complaisance imaginable.

so as nevertheless to retain a due Command over them, and when they should be come to themselves, to bear all their Charges, and bait for their proper Meals, and Refreshment; but to afford them no Chance of escaping, till they were come within a Mile of their Home, and then to deliver them, and return.

Under the above Instructions, the Fellows moved off, with our three bedeadned Adventurers, putting up in the Morning but just to bait their Cattle, and away again; and about four o'clock in the Afternoon, they put in for the Remainder of the Evening.

About two Miles before they arrived at the End of their Stage, Sir *Edgar*, yawning very loud, and stretching himself, gave Notice of his Return to the living World again; but propping open his Eyes, what were his Conjectures, at finding himself thus inclosed, Top and Sides, like a Chicken in a Coop, without so much as an Hole to creep out at.

Perceiving himself to be moving, he suspected himself to be in a Dream, and that it could possibly be no Reality; so that he was about to have laid himself along for another Nap; when the Carriage, happening

happening upon a Piece of Rocky Way, gave him such a Stroke against the Lattice, as bringing him to his Recollection, he started up, to find where he was, and what could have befallen him.

Edgar being very tall, the first Thing that saluted him at his rising, was the upper Lattice-work, against which he ran his Head with such Violence, that it almost stunn'd him; but soon recovering, the first living Creature that he beheld, was a Man all in Black, seemingly well mounted, with his Hat flapping over his Face, and riding at a Distance, slowly, behind the Waggon; to whom Sir *Edgar* called, and halloo'd, as loud as he could bawl, to come to him; but without so much as once erecting his Head, the Fellow kept on his Pace, just as gravely as before; or took he more Notice of his Out-cry, or his Person, than if he had been born both deaf and blind too.

Sir *Edgar* redoubled his Roaring, but all without Effect; he beat with his Hand, and kicked with his Feet, against the Inclosure, till the Uproar he made had awakened *David*, who lay in the next Division, and put him upon calling out Thieves, and Murder, suspecting himself

to have been then in Bed at Sir *Owen's*; but upon Sir *Edgar's* calling to him, and enquiring where they were, and how they came there? tho' *David* was grieved at meeting him in so scurvy a Lodging, yet he was rejoiced at his Heart, with the Thought of his not being alone in it.

They pulled at the Grates to have come at each other, with all their Force, examining each Crany for Discovery; but every Attempt was vain, and but the more ascertained them of the Impracticability of a Junction.

Sir *Edgar* cried out for his Master, and O! what was become of his dearest *Winee*! But the Coast was all clear, not a Soul to be seen, tho' they could command more than a Mile all round them, save the same black Man Sir *Edgar* had so long called to, and another in the same Livery, whom *David* had espied, riding a-head of the Waggon.

David cried out, besought, swore, stormed, intreated, and grew Raving again; but they turned a deaf Ear to all, nor would be perswaded to render the least Reply.

Both *David* and *Edgar* were in prodigious Sweats; not only from the Fatigue of the Exercise they had been engaged in,
and

and from the very Notion of Confinement itself, which alone will, for the most Part, occasion it ; but for that the Straw, in which they stood Knee-deep, having been all Day heated by a clear Sun-shine, whose sloping Rays now darting upon their upper Surface, for want of a gentle Breeze to allay its glowing Heat, well nigh melted them, and reduced them to the Brink of Despair and Anguish.

Not the least Redress of their Calamity presenting, under the Uncertainty of what would prove their future Fate, they were about to have wept in Concert ; when *David* espying his Majesty, curled round in his Straw, like a Dog before the Fire, he called out to him to rise ; but no Answer being returned, he thrust his Arm through the Grating, where reaching the Skirts of his Garment, he so twitched him and tumbled him about, that at length, his sluggish Spirits reared open their Casements for a Look-out, who, and what had disturbed him.

No sooner had *David* perceived the least Tendency to Life in him, than, lest he should again have relapsed, he kept up such a continued Out-cry, as at last, rais-

ing him from his Straw, united him to their Conversation.

O! Sir, said *David*, what unhappy Mortals are we, thus to have been captivated! But how much more so, to be now conveying we know not whither. See you not yet, Sir, how we are inclosed? that we are travelling? that we have Companions too? But who, or what they are, or whitherto we are destined, is beyond mortal Capacity to account for. I never was in so close a Restraint in my Days. I can neither stretch myself out as I lay, or can I scarce stand upright now I am on my Legs.

It seems to me, cried *Sawney*, as tho' I was on Ship-board; nor can I stand without Reeling to and fro, like a drunken Man; which Words he had scarce uttered, before the Wheel rocking over a great Stone, gave him such a Toss against the Side of the Carriage, that spite of his great Heart, he roared out like a Lion in the Toils; or would the Knight be pacified, for the Injury his Lord had received, till he had assured him, that his Mischief had proceeded meerly from a natural Cause; for said he, tho' the Machine we are now mounted upon is far from natural, and is meerly

merely imaginary, and the Work of Demons; yet, that our mortal Senses may perceive it, it must necessarily bear the Proportions and Properties of an human Composition, or it would be imperceptible by us: For we might as well ride in the Air, as upon the Earth, upon what we could no ways account for.



L 4

CHAP.

C H A P. XV.

Believe themselves under the Guidance of Demons. Arrive at an Inn. Discourse on Destiny. Behaviour at Supper. Take the Landlord for a Spirit. Miserable Night. Discant on Appearances.

AFTER a short Pause, for Recollection, whilst Sir *Edgar* was intent upon regaining his Liberty; It is so, said his Majesty; the Good and the Evil — but two to one is Odds. — What Dignity appears in that! — In these, what foul Deformity! — Well! — be it so! — whilst he stands by us we are safe. — No Power of Darkness can act in Presence of a Minister of Light. — Take Heart my Friends! — our good Genius guides the Train.

David, who had most attentively listened to these Incoherencies, (as he took them for,) had little Scruple in his own Breast, but that his Master's Head was turned; but Sir *Edgar*, who was at still a greater Distance; from *Sawney's* interrupted Manner of Speech, mistrusted, he must have lost some Parts of it, and therefore desired to hear

hear it again; for that he could not well understand him, he said.

What wouldst thou hear? replied *Sawney*. Won't thy Eyes convince thee of the Truth of my Assertion? Canst thou not observe yon Minister of Light, to be the Conductor of our Carr, whilst those two louring Spirits, wrapped in Darkness, move on, waiting an Opportunity for annoying us; but shall not prevail, whilst he maintains his Charge. See how they scowle, observe their Faces, under mortal Coverings, ashamed of their Employments, and would fain be hid beneath their sable Mantles; but that our good Genius brightens up our Sight, just to behold their superficial Forms, that we may detest them.

Whence are these Cacademons sent to us! added *Sawney*. How would they blast us, were we in their Power, and suck our Bloods, to feast their ravenous Maws, were it not that a Deity conducts us.

Dear Sir, demanded *Edgar*, what was that your Majesty said about a Spirit, and a Cat-Emon? Dear Sir, what was it? Why? see'st thou not them there? replied he, infectious Spirits clad in rankest Malice, which, to thy Apprehension, appears a

Cloak, tho' in Reality, but the outward Rind of a Devil.

Bless me! dear good Sir! said *Edgar*, is there no Way in the World of coming at you? — pray, good your Highness, let me hold you by the Hand through the Bars — I never saw a Devil, or a Spirit before, in all my born Days, not I — I would we were but altogether in one Crib — I should not so much matter 'em then — But now, if they mount the Carriage, I shall be the first Man they carry off: For I warrant, tho' I can't get out, the Grating will open to one of them for a Word speaking — I thought, indeed, that ugly Thing, like a Man on Horseback, behind there, looked plaguy fulkily at me, as who should say, could I but come at you, — But pray your Majesty, where is the good Angel you talked of, that is to keep 'em off?

I tell thee here, said *Sawney*; (pointing to the Carter in his white Frock, who kept so close to the Head of the Waggon, that Sir *Edgar*, who stood quite behind, could not see him) but be not too noisy, *Edgar*, added he, lest you disturb him. He is now repeating a Charm against evil Spirits — It's that keeps 'em at a Distance
from

from us. Is he so? cried *Edgar*, may he prosper, I say, for I only took it for a Man, whistling, somewhere.

Base Conceit! How stupid are thy Senses! said *Sawney*, not to comprehend angelick Harmony in that Musick.

They were now at the Entrance of a Village, where their Keepers purposed to halt for the Night, and presently turned into their Inn; when even the Heart of Majesty trembled, at Sight of the two black Spirits dismounting from their Steeds, and making up to the Tail of their Caravan, with a Pair of Steps for them to descend by.

Sir *Edgar* being first Oars, had scarce Strength left to support him on his Limbs. His Knees smote each other, and with his Courage, his florid Countenance had quite forsaken him; when the Hatch-way being opened, one of them offered him his Hand, to assist him to the Ground by; but Sir *Edgar*, instead of accepting the proffered Service, caught fast hold by the further Corner of his Cell, where he clung with all his Might, roaring out for his Master, to send the good Angel to his Relief; and every now and then, turning
 about

about to the Black Spirit, and crying out, Devil, I defy thee! I defy thee!

Sawney himself, now terrified almost to Death, called out for his good Genius; but he was gone into the Stable with his Horses; whilst *David* had fate him down in Silence, expecting his Fate, under this sole Consolation, that as he was middlemost Man, one of the others must go before him.

The Servants guessing at the Cause of their Prisoners Terror, withdrew to the House; where informing the Landlord that they had three crazy Chaps in their Waggon, who were afraid of them, they desired him to intreat them to come in.

The Landlord hearing they were crazy, had but an indifferent Opinion of the Job, at any Rate; however, as six Men, and so many Horses, promised no light Consumption of Provisions, he undertook it, and accosting *Sir Edgar*, desired him to walk in, and refresh himself. Sir, said *Edgar*, don't you invite in my Master, and his Highness too? Alas! poor Man! thought the Landlord, he is very far gone indeed. Yes, by all Means, replied he, and when you are down, I will conduct them in to you.

Sawney

Sawney calling out to *Sir Edgar* to advance, he descended from the Hackery; when the Landlord opening the Hatches, loosed his Co-Captives also, and shewed them all into a Room. He asked what they would please to have for Supper? and whether they would not please to drink first? But in this Case, *David* and *Sir Edgar*, falling back as the Man advanced, gave the Liberty of speeching it wholly to *Sawney*, as the most excellent Member, (not daring, in so nice a Point, to open their own Lips, either in Promotion of, or Contradiction to the Proposal) who declared for a Mug of good Beer.

No sooner had they refreshed with the Liquor, than being alone by themselves, *David* desired *Sawney's* Opinion of the Adventure, and what he could conjecture would be the Issue of it? For that as to his own Particular, it greatly surprized him to think, where these black Creatures were conveying them to; and for what Purpose.

Prince *David*, said *Sawney*; tho' in this Island of *Britain* we are but little subject to these Impertinencies from the strolling Demons of the Air, (to what many
ruder

runder Nations are) being a literate, and numerous People; and, if I conjecture right, under more special Providence than those of more barbarous Regions; yet, we must not think to flatter ourselves with a total Exemption from their Depredations.

There may be many Causes assigned for their immediate Power over us, as also, for its Continuance, and Cessation; likewise how far they may be limited to act, either beneficially, or prejudicially towards us; but these Things are not denudated to mortal Conceptions; they are sealed up in the Bundle of Fate, which it were Madness in us to attempt at prying into.

What I have chiefly to recommend to you, my Fellow-Labourers, and Partners in my Toil, is, to deliberate seriously upon the Condition we are cast into, as a Part of the Lot of Humanity, and to bear it with Magnanimity; but above all, to demean yourselves (as you shall ever have me for an Example) with all due Defe-
 rence and Submission, to these, at present, our Rulers; by never opposing their Motions, tend they whitherto they will. This, I can promise you, will entitle you to far better Treatment from them, than

an obstinate Noncompliance. To what Purpose can it be to beat the Air? these unimbodied Spirits being nothing else; and as by a Look, or Nod, nay, by a Thought only, they can cram such as we are into a Nut-shell; so their Force proceeds not from a fleshly Arm, tho' they assume the outward Representation of Parts and Members. Now as they have hitherto gently treated us, let us testify our Gratitude, by an Aptness to be led, rather than (with Reluctance) to be driven; and my Advice is, that in case that Spectre with the blue Apron before him, which, to our Perceptions, indicates him Master of the Hotel; if he, I say, should again require what we would eat or drink, that we assent to what he pleases; or should he insist upon our proposing somewhat, that we enquire what is to be had, as we would at another House.

I would not have you, my Friends, imagine by what I have said, that I presume we are now in an House; or that this Space wherein we seem now to be actually collected, is a material Room, formed by the Aid of Man; or, that this Table before us, or the Chairs we fancy ourselves to be sitting on, are from the Labours of mortal Artists, any
more

more than I suspect the Beer we have drank is, or the Victuals we may eat, will be the natural Produce of the earthly Globe; nay, it is even a doubtful Case with me, whether we are now actually Inhabitants of *Britain*, or even of the terrestrial Globe itself: But yet, as whatever we hear, or see, or can im-bibe by any of our mortal Organs, must bear the Appearance of earthly Things, to cause a Perception of them in us; therefore, I shall always call them, as if they were whatsoever, in Shew, they denote to us; or need we doubt, but as they are so suitably adapted to our Intellects, they are capable of sustaining, nourishing, and, in all Respects, answering every Purpose of ours, as well to the full as earthly Commodities would be.

For Instance, added *Sawney*; you behold that Rope there; with what one would swear to be a Glass Handle, pendent from the Ceiling; now, tho' that subsists but in our Idea of Things, yet these imaginary Things are so exquisitely adjusted, that you will observe, upon what one would fancy to be pulling the Handle, a Sound will issue, to our Apprehension, as of a Bell—Will your Highness try the Experiment? added he, (recommending
the

the Post to *David*; who had no Manner of Inclination for hearing him) or you, *Sir Edgar*, continued he; pray pull that, which in vulgar Speech, I may call a Rope there.

Sir Edgar, who shuddered exceedingly at what he had heard, had but little Affection for meer Forms, at best; but much less, since he had observed *David* to have parried off the Employment: So that turning pale as Ashes, and looking all round him, he replied, that some Body would come in presently, when his Majesty might make his Wants known: For in troth, he chose not to tempt dumb Things to such Answers, as they could only give by Magick; it seeming to him to be presumptuous.

Whilst they were upon this Argument, in comes the blue Apron'd Spirit again, to enquire what they would have for Supper; *Sawney* replied, they were not over-nice; so that whatever was in the House, would be agreeable to them. The Man answering, he had Mutton Stakes, and cold Beef; *Sawney* said, they would do very well, and they were instantly set before them.

Sawney

Sawney fell to eating very heartily ; but neither *David*, or *Edgar*, could say they relish'd either ; tho' they swallowed a little, for fear of offending, whilst *Blue Apron* tarried in the Room, (for they had by this Time given the Landlord the Name of *Blue Apron* as they soon after did his Wife that of *Nightrail*, and his Maid of *Russet*) but no sooner had *Blue Apron* quitted their Presence, to send in some Liquor to their Edibles, than down went *Edgar's* Tools : For he could not go a Stroke further.

Sawney enquired of the Knight how he did ? and why he would not eat ? commending the cold Beef to the Skies ; but *Edgar* replied, that nothing could be a greater Folly in his Mind, than to feed on imaginary Victuals ; which, if as he had said, they consisted of Air only, could but be of little Service ; and that indeed, the Mouthful or two he had swallowed, seem'd meerly as nothing in his Jaws : For he never once felt them in his Teeth ; to the Truth of which *David* attested, from his own Experience, who, tho' he had seem'd to have eaten much more than the Knight, was, to his thinking, never a Whit the fuller.

By

By this Time, *Russet* entering with the Drink, broke the Thread of their Discourse at once. Gentlemen, said she, I hope you like you Supper. Extremely well, replied *Sawney*, and so ecchoed the other two; then pray, added she, feed heartily, and placed herself behind *Sawney's* Chair, full fronting Sir *Edgar*.

Poor *Edgar* was never before in such a Dilemma; as for Spiritual Food, he had but a very bad Notion of it, neither durst he altogether forbear eating, whilst *Russet* stood staring him so full in the Face: So that spite of his Heart he went on, till he had made such a Meal, that he was ready to choke with Thirst; but durst not for his Life have asked for the Drink, in dread of some Mischief befalling him; till at length, *Sawney* demanding it, and drinking to him, he gladly reached out his Hand to receive it, and put it about to *David*, who was under little less Scruples of Conscience than himself.

It was now Bed-time; but how they were to be disposed of was the Question; when *Nightrail* coming in, desired to know whether they pleased to lie in two Beds in the same Room, or to lie in different Apartments. This was not long resolving

resolving into the two Beds in the same Room, that each might be assistant to the other, in case of Accidents; but being fairly lodged in their Chamber, Debates ran very high, which of the three should lie alone.

Sawney and *David* having been frequently Bed-fellows, their Union was no Novelty; and as they had the prior Right of Election, we may be sure they adhered together; which was so fatal a Stroke to the dejected Knight, that rather than lie alone in no House, and with nothing of a Bed under him, he vowed he would sit up all Night; not enduring the Thoughts of being surprized off his Guard, and alone too. *Sawney* inclining to the compassionate Side, rather than the Knight should be such a Sufferer, proposed to take him in between himself and *David*; but surely, had each sat up for a Fortnight, they could not have been more fatigued, than they all were before Morning; having never closed their Eyes for the whole Night, lest they should have been seized in the Dark, by some of the strolling Spirits.

Day-light now peeping through their Curtains, gave new Life to their drooping Hopes, and set them upon their Feet again:

again: For *Sawney* drawing back the Linsey-Woolsey, and perceiving the Coast to be clear, stept first from under his Coverlet, as yet reeking with the Sweat, which had penetrated through all, to make Way for Evaporation.

It was not long after they were heard to be stirring, before *Blue Apron* unlocking the Door, wished them a good Morning, hoping they had rested well. To which *Sawney* replied, exquisitely. Then having taken Orders for Breakfast, he left them; but no sooner was his Back turned, than *Sir Edgar* applying to *Sawney*, Sir, said he, what needed all this ceremonious Enquiry after our Healths and Rest, by the very Creature, who knows as well as ourselves, how we do, and what Misery we have lain in all Night?

Sir Edgar! said *Sawney*, thou misjudgest of *Blue Apron*; who not knowing how far I am apprized of their Artifices, and Power, behaves to us, as Man would do to Man, conceiving that we take him for such; in which Case, indeed, the Enquiry was but civil, and complimentary. But hold! here comes *Russet*. What can she want? said *Sir Edgar*. See'st thou not
how

how exact these Demons are? said *Sawney*. Why? she has brought us, what in another Place I should have esteemed a Bottle of Water, and a Bason to wash our Hands in. — And all this nothing but Air too! said *Sir Edgar*.

The very same, replied *Sawney*, and tho' thou palpably findest what thou thinkest to be Glass, yet that is only a Deception, which these Beings shadow over your Sense of Feeling with, and as really as to you answers the Purpose, as if it was so. Why? doth your Majesty think, said *David*, that I could not break that Bottle, and spill that Water: Undoubtedly, said *Sawney*, were you to make use of but common Means, the seeming Bottle would, to your Comprehension, fly to Shivers, and you would as verily believe, as if it was true, that you saw Water flowing, upon what you judge to be the Floor; all this I question not, when yet, *bonâ fidé*, neither would be present with you.

Hath your Highness never read of *Mother Bavin's* Exploits? said *Sawney*. The Prince confessed he had not. O! added *Sawney*, it is great Pity: For that short History would have given you such an Insight into Things, that you would have but
little

little craved my Tutoring. Now if such wonderful Works are to be wrought by a Witch, who is at best but the Devil's Journey-woman, and can no more than a Wheel-Barrow act without his Aid; what may himself and his infernal Spirits do, when they carry on the Work themselves.

Breakfast waiting, they eat of such Things as were set before them, and when they were acquainted their Carriage waited for them at the Door, *Sawney*, as their Purse-Bearer, offered to pay; but *Blue-Apron's* Refusal of his Money, and assuring them they were heartily welcome, clearly convinced them all, that *Sawney's* Applications had been adroit, and they listened to him as to an Oracle, for all the Remainder of the Journey.

C H A P. XVI.

Packed up in their Caravan again. Begin to despond. Arrive at Dame Clutcher's Farm. Meet Queen Editha. Account of her Arrival. Rejoicings at Dame Clutcher's.

BLUE APRON led the Van to the Carriage, and as the Servants had directed him, would have given his Hand for conducting Sawney in first; but he shrinking from it, of himself ascended very expeditiously, and stopt in the nearest Crib, intreating, that both himself and Friends might be permitted to remain there, or in any one of the other, so that they might but continue together.

Nightrail, who was standing by to take her Leave of them, persuaded her Husband to suffer it; but *Blue Apron*, knowing they arrived there separate, would not accord to it, till he had first adjusted it with their Keepers; who having their Orders for a several Confinement for the whole Journey, all but the last Day, ordered them into their distinct Cells.

It was with sorrowful Hearts, and melting Eyes, that they were driven to this Disunion ; but Fate, *Sawney* told them, must be submitted to, and they were again locked in as before ; nor, though the Distance from each other scarce exceeded three Feet, could they tolerate their Removal more patiently, than had the Ocean itself been the Barrier between them.

They were now upon the Road again, under the Governance of the same black Gentry ; but *Sawney* keeping a sharp Eye upon the white Spirit, who had re-occupied his Function of Driver, was the less dejected at the Machinations of the Angels of Darkness.

They only stopt for a Bait upon the Road, and at the usual Time put up for the Night again ; but Sir *Edgar*, sick at Heart with this dreaming Conveyance, was tired down with the Fatigue of sitting so long in little Ease, without Room to lie along in.

It was a most woful Lodging they obtained this Night, being obliged, by bad Weather, to put in two Miles short of their intended Stage ; or could *Sawney* himself avoid surmising, that the Demons would prevail over them at last, should

each succeeding Night's Entertainment sink, in Proportion to the Difference, between this and the foregoing.

They had had but short Commons all Day, and were in Hopes of making it up at Night ; but, upon the exactest Survey, this lonely Mansion would afford nothing better than coarse Bread and Cheese, and brown Hasty-pudding, to be washed down with Ale, inferior in Flavour to Puddle-water ; or could *David* or *Sir Edgar* have made their Meal upon these, had not *Sawney* signified to them, that they ought with Cheerfulness to eat what was set before them ; for that, were it only Flint Stones, the Spirits could render these not only as digestable, but even palatable too, as the richest Entertainment.

They all stowed in again at Night to the same Bed, and under very little Variety of Scenes, other than as their Entertainment at their Inns, was better or worse, did they thus linger out about a Week's Travel, till they came within a Mile or two of Home ; when, turning into a Road, which both *Sawney* and *David* had so often traversed, *David* rouled his Majesty, with Notice of where they were. *Sir Edgar* hearing this, called to *David*

to learn the Truth, when he affirmed they were not two Miles from his Majesty's own Dwelling ; but *Sarney* damped the Hopes of the eager Knight, by whispering an Assurance to him, that the Spirits, their Guides, could at Pleasure give the Appearance of what Place they list, to the Part they were in, though at ever so remote a Distance from it.

David then pointing before him ; if ever I saw it in all my Life, said he, that is *Richmond* Steeple ; and think you what you will, Sir, was I but once freed from this pestilent Litter, I would make no more Doubt of reaching Home in Half an Hour, than I would of swallowing a full Pound of Beef Stakes for my Supper, if I had them.

The Guides perceiving, by their Discourse, that they had almost attained to the Conclusion of their Journey, opening the Waggon Grates, removed into a little Wood, adjacent to the Road, to give their Prisoners the Liberty of escaping ; when the Captives spying their Advantage, leaped from the Carriage, and ran for their Lives ; or stayed they once to look behind them, till they were in Sight of my Dame *Clutcher's* Farm.

If it is possible, that any one Circumstance in Life should surprize a Man beyond all others, surely *Sawney* encountered it in the Object of his Queen *Editba*, sitting upon a Bench, before the Gate of the Farm-house.

The Sight of her there struck him with such Terror, as had almost untwisted his warmest Hopes of revisiting his own Territories. He stopt, and calling to him his trusty Companions; My dear Friends! said he, our hasty Flight from those dreadful Demons, has but placed us within their more palpable Effects; and for aught that I see, we may now be farther from Home, than at our first setting out upon this Journey; for see you not my Queen, my *Editba*, there? She, poor Lady, hath undoubtedly fallen within the Reach of their Pastime too, and hath been transported hither, that we might once more behold each other; or possibly, it may but be her Form, some cursed Sprite hath assumed, to tantalize me with; when having deluded my Senses for awhile, at our Approach it may vanish.

Do you, my dear Friends, fix steadfastly your Eyes upon her, and take particular Notice how she goes off, till you lose

lose all Sight of her; for to my Apprehension, she diminishes already, and by the Time I shall reach her, may be reduced to an undistinguishable Point. As for me, come Life, come Death, nought shall divert my Attempts for securing the lovely Creature in my Arms; and, O! may she prove no Shadow, but a firm Reality.

Sawney then advancing by hasty Strides towards her, and she catching a Glance of him, whom she expected much about that Time, by the Route that had been fixed at *Sir Owen's*, they ran forwards to meet one another; when, falling on each other's Neck, they vented forth their amorous Extasies in murmuring Sighs and Whispers. O! that I should ever be thus happy! said *Edy*, to meet my honoured Lord again, after the various Conflicts I have struggled with!

Our Fate hath been alike, my Queen; answered *Sawney*. I too have been impelled by Force superior, incased in a living Engine of Lattice-work; till, after several painful Days of Travel, our Prison-dours opening, out ran I, with his Highness of *Wales* and *Sir Edgar*, now both at a Distance, waiting the Issue of my Con-

ference with you : But, pray, my dearest Queen, relate by what surprising Means you arrived at this my Farm.

She told him, that wholly unknowing to herself of the Manner of her Situation there, she found herself with *Lady Cramp*, in a Vehicle, somewhat resembling a Chariot, which whirled along with them, as if it had perfectly flown.—And did so, said *Sawney*, though you might fancy that it ran upon Wheels.—Well! —And so. This Exercise, added she, we were bound to for several Days, when suddenly the Machine stopping, (as *Lady Cramp* told me, for I was then fast asleep, whilst an Impression was forming upon my Imagination of your very Farm-house here, to which, methought, I was ordered to walk, where, in a few Days Time, I should see you, but should directly meet with Prince *David's* Lady) we were dismissed from our dire Imprisonment ; for our Attendants, who were three in Number, dismounting, we were ordered out ; but no sooner had my Feet touched the Earth, than I beheld the very Building, that in my Dream had been represented to me. The Horsemen then delivering one Bridle

to

to my Hand, and two to Lady Cramp's, all our Equipage turning about, vanished out of our Sight in an Instant.

You may guess, my dearest Lord, added she, at the Terrors that environed us during this Adventure; but collecting from my Dream, that I should here meet my dear Lord, we led on the Horses towards the House, near which, hanging them to some Pales, I first ventured in, and demanded whether they could give me any Information of a Gentleman of high Rank, whose Name was *Alexander Bruce*.

I saw a good motherly Woman, who reddening at my Demand, replied, he was her Landlord; and my Husband, said I: When I thought the good Creature would have devoured me, she testified her Affection for me, by such a Multiplicity of expressive Tokens, of an Heart replete with Duty to your Majesty.—Dear Madam, said she, how fares my good Master? Where is he?—When did you see him? And twenty other Questions she started. To which I replied, that we had been separated by Accident; that I left you well, and in few Days expected to see you here; all which I said, meerly

from the Credit of my Dream in the Chariot.

She asked me whether I knew your Man *David*? To which I replied, that I knew Prince *David*. Ay, ay, call him what you will, said she, he is my Son-in-law; and his poor Wife is ready to go wild for him, he has been so long absent.

I comforted her with the Hopes of seeing him when you came, and upon the Support of my Dream, both she and I raised the Height of our Expectations; since which, my Dear, added she, I have spent most of my Time upon that Bench, waiting for the Completion of my Dream; till this happy Moment of your Arrival hath repaid all my past Anxiety, by replacing my dearest Husband in my Arms.

David and Sir *Edgar*, at first Sight of *Edy* rising hastily to meet her Husband, and then seeing her clasp him in her Arms, were apprehensive, not only that she was one of the Demons, but that she would have carried him off in them: For but little Suspicion had they, that it could be her Majesty in Person; till perceiving all to be Peace, and that they
ked and smiled familiarly together, they slackened their Fears for *Sawney*, and
them-

themselves venturing up to them, paid their joyful Congratulations to their Majesties upon their happy Re union.

Sir *Edgar's* Impatience for the Knowledge of what was become of his Lady, would permit him, voluntarily, to remain no longer in Ignorance of it. Dear, good your Majesty, said he, when did you see my Wife? And where did you last leave her? She replied, that his Lady was very safe, and that he would find her when they returned to the House; whereupon, Sir *Edgar*, having no further Interest in the Discourse going forwards between the superior Powers, ran in without more Ceremony; where hearing that his Spouse was above Stairs, he pursued her, till clinging about her Waist, he had well nigh smothered her with his Caresses.

David's Lady, who was then sitting by, delighted herself greatly at the Fondness of this loving Pair, wishing *Winefred* Joy of her Husband; and O! that it had but proved her Case, she said; to which Sir *Edgar* replying, that if she was Prince *David's* Lady, it might soon be so, for that he left him below at the Gate. Away ran Madam, and at it they went, so exactly agreeable to the two lov-

ing Pairs before them, that I shall not need to repeat their Raptures.

They all soon met Mother *Clutcher* in the Kitchen, when the Embraces went round again so powerfully, that the old Lady had never been so mumbled before, since her last Wedding-Day ; or was ever any one Dwelling capable of containing more Joy, than abounded on all Sides, through the whole Mansion.

The Pot went on, the Spit turned round, beaten Eggs ran like Water for the Pudding, the Hen-roost, the Hogsty, the Dove-cote were severally ransacked for the most delicious Morsels ; my Dame tapt her best Ale, and so jovial were the whole Society, that glowing Heads, and warm Hearts, were their distinguishing Characteristicks ; and such a Supper our Monarchs and their Master of the Horse made, as to have but once more repeated, must have broken up my Dame *Clutcher's* House-keeping ; but what could be too much for such dear Friends, and Relations, at last, now met, she hoped, never more to be sundered.

Their Tongues ran after Supper till Bed-time, upon the Adventures they had severally met with ; and Sir *Edgar*, who
had

had withdrawn the junior Branches of the Family into one Corner of the Room, so terrified them, by his Account of Spectres, Demons, and Hobgoblins, and of Things that looked like Houses, Meat, Drink, and Furniture, which in Fact were the Works of the Spirits, and consisted only of meer Air, (for he as verily believed all *Sawney* had told him, as he would the Gospel) together with such horrible Appearances of down-right Nothings; that my Dame's Daughters would neither of them have lain alone that Night, to have been crowned Queen of *England* in the Morning.

It is very strange ! but very true ! that they who are most affected by the Report of Spirits, are most anxious for the Knowledge of the minutest Particulars, relative to their Operations ; nor are they content with bare Generals, though the more inquisitive, the more terrified, and amazed are they ; even till sometimes, seized with such Horrors, as wholly to deprive them of their Senses ; and thus behaved my Dame's two Daughters, who were so bound to their Stations by Sir *Edgar's* Stories, that they shuddered, crept closer and closer to him ; nor could they have changed

changed their Positions, or have cast an Eye behind them, to have gained the Universe ; verily imagining if they had, that every of *Edgar's* fictitious Scenes, would in Reality have been present with them.

At length Motion having been made for Bed, Miss *Martha*, and Miss *Betty*, hanging round their Mother's Waist, moved off in tolerable Security ; though neither could have ventured a Step upon her own Guidance.



C H A P. XVII.

The Welch Gentry's Scheme. Another Expedition projected. Edy endeavours to reclaim Sawney. Hannah's Invectives against David. His Reply. Parson Goodwill's Debate with Sawney.

NEVER had any Scheme been better concerted, or more judiciously prosecuted, than this of the *Welch Gentry*; who having gratified their Fancies, so long as they could reap proper Entertainment from three misconducted, but yet inoffensive Men, had at last set them down as safe and easy as possible, at their own Dwellings, with this Advantage to befriend them, that neither *Sawney* or *Edgar* would want for a prudent and houswifely Help-mate, ever at his Elbow, to reduce their too lavish Excursions, and to render Home (though homely) more pleasurable to them, than Crowns and Sceptres in vain Expectancy, through a toilsome Vicissitude of Labour and Travel, till not improbably, they might have met with violent Deaths at last.

No

No sooner had they dispatched the Male-part of their Guests in the Caravan I have before-mentioned, by one Route, than, as had before been concerted, Mr. *Pendarvis* packed up *Edy* and her Niece in his own Chariot and Four, by another Route, to Mother *Clutcher's*, where *David* had informed Parson *Plausible* that his Wife then resided ; purposely, that the Ladies might arrive some Days before their Husbands: And Mr. *Pendarvis's* Mother having left *Edy* an hundred Pounds by her Will ; he, in Regard he should be eased of her future Maintenance, made up her Legacy, with the Interest due thereon, two hundred Pounds : So that she might, at first setting out with her new Husband, be enabled to provide herself of Necessaries, without drawing too hard from him. All went on smoothly for some Months between the two new married Couples ; till *Sawney* having one Day taken *David* with him, to view a distant Estate of his late Wife's, and to receive the Rent then due ; after a chirping Cup of the Farmer's Ale, the two wrong Heads having again rattled themselves into undoubted Majesty, returned Home in the Evening almost as mad as ever,

or

or from that Day forth, was any Thing whispered about in private between them, but when they should sally forth upon another Expedition.

Edy, who was so well apprized of her Husband's Foible, as ever to be upon her Guard against it ; soon collecting, from distant Hints, what was going forwards between them, laid such ensnaring Speeches in *Sawney's* Way, as might be sure to draw out the very Soul of his Resolutions ; and then, soothing his Vanity a little, she would start first trivial, and then more material Objections, to stagger his Belief of the Probability of Success in his Enterprize ; ever still recommending his Purposes, as the Views of a noble and generous Heart, whilst she failed not to cast such Rubs in his Path to Glory, as might, if possible, deter him from the Prosecution.

She would place him on the highest Pinnacle of personal Merit ; but then, so many ill-meaning and corrupt People were ever at Hand, ready to withstand the Deserving, in Detestation of their superior Virtues, that she referred it to him, whether a Man of true Discernment, as she was perfectly assured he was, would not rather buckle under his own private Injuries,

juries, than attempt a Redress, in Opposition to an Odds so powerful against him.

As for her Part, she was prepared to follow him through Life, or Death, to the remotest Quarter of the Globe; but when she considered the Felicity they might enjoy at Home, upon their own Fortune, and the unavoidable Discommodities of a Crown, she should imagine, he would think the Labour in obtaining, and the Hazard of enjoying it in Tranquility, were Risques too great to run for the Sake of so flawed and sullied a Gem.

In this Manner did *Edy* make it her daily Employment, to vary her Husband's Passion for Empire; ever concluding, with the indispensable Necessity of acting from well-guided Discretion, rather than from a too prevalent Passion for Dominion only.

It must be said, for *Sawney*, that no one could ever have accepted of the Advice of a Wife, more cordially than he did; even till he began to feel the very Life-heat of her Arguments, and became delighted with her Conversation; nor, is it to be disputed but that she had by her own Strength come off Conqueror at last, even under the perfect Approbation of

Sawney

Sawney himself ; but that *David's* Wife having built her chief Prospects upon a Principality, was to be fobbed off with no less than Sovereignty itself.

She had fished out their Proceedings in *Wales*, and learnt how near he was to the Coronet ; that he was acknowledged hereditary Successor by the Noblesse, and that even a disputable Title had been renounced to him ; but then, at last, when the Princely Diadem was just dropping upon his Head, she said, for him to withdraw from its encircling Charms, under a Pretence of Spirits and Witchcraft ; and that tamely, without a Struggle too, or without so much as demanding who, or what they were, who abused him ; or under what Authority ; discovered such an abject, and degenerate Soul, as she was ashamed of.

O ! that she had but been in his Place ! she would have made them to have known, that it was High Treason, and Death, by all Laws whatsoever, to kidnap a Monarch in his Sleep from his Dominions ; to impound a Sovereign, and convey him from Town to Town in a Cage, like a Monster. — O ! she would have torn their false Hearts out, and not have behaved
with

with such Complaisance, as he had told her they demeaned themselves with.—Spirits! with a Pox! said she,—Spirits!—I say Spirits too.—What?—Some disaffected Spirits to your Government!—these were the Spirits, in troth; and I doubt not, but they have been well paid for it by your Enemies.

Then how they should convey you off, is the Mystery to me, without Disturbance, or Bloodshed, on one Side or the other, so long a Journey, and for so many Days together; and that you should all sneak in and out of your Cage, without one Trial of Skill for the Mastery! This, I say, surprises me, and demonstrates the Weakness of your Resolutions.

Wife! replied *David*; to say no worse of thee, thou arguest like a weak Woman. As *First*, to the First. What Resistance was it possible for us to make in our Sleep? For I told thee before, we were taken Napping, and never once awaked, till—till—till I don't know when,—or where we were; and we might have been in *France* or *Germany*, all the while we were travelling, for aught that any of us could say to the contrary, till I, by Chance, happened to spy *Richmond Steeple*.

Secondly,

Secondly, As to Bloodshed ; and here I could almost say, that thou talkest beneath a Woman : For what Blood have Spirits to shed, who are only (as my Master justly observed) the Representation, or Form of a Substance, painted upon the Pupil of the Eye, without the least Modicum of Flesh, Blood, or Bones about them ? So that there was a great Likelihood of a Battle between us indeed ! We might have been severely drubbed, 'tis true ; from the Blows they would have quickened our Flesh to a Sense for feeling of, just at their Pleasure ; whilst we, on our Parts, should have strove to have conquered what ? Why ? a mere Nothing !

And *lastly*, thou supposest we sneaked in and out of our Cage. I must confess we did so, in the utmost Latitude of the Word Sneak : Yet, not for Want of natural Valour in either of us, I would have thee to know ; but as a Ram, though ever so stout and daring, must give Way to the Force of an enraged Bull ; so we, under Compulsion of a superior Power, were obliged to advance or retreat, as the Will of the Spirits directed us, without the least

least remaining Election in either of us to oppose them.

I say therefore Wife, that thou talkest like a Woman ; and of those, like one of the weakest too, let me tell thee.

Well, well, replied she, they have once been too many for you ; but as I hope you intend to make another Push for it, pray let me then be of your Party. If once the *Welch* offer me the Government, let me see the Spirit, or the Devil either, that shall ever get me out of it again.

These, and such like Flouts of *Tiannab's*, had made *David* still more rank for a second Expedition to *Wales* ; or could *Sawney* see those Objections raised by his Wife, to be of half the Force, when discoursing with *David*, as whilst she was displaying them by her own Elocution ; for that *David* was within Ame's Ace of the Supremacy, and had actually been established therein, but for the Intervention of those confounded Demons, was too manifest to *Sawney*, to admit of the least Dispute.

Now this he frequently urging to his Wife, who without acknowledging herself to have been in the Conspiracy against him, could no Ways contradict it ; she, in order to screen herself from the Prejudice

dice her Husband might conceive against her, for the Imposition upon him ; so soon as ever she perceived him resolute for departing, applied herself to the Parson of the Parish, an old and intimate Friend of *Sawney's*, and one for whom he had ever harboured the best of Opinions, for his Advice and Counsel, both in regard to herself and her Husband.

She laid before him the vagrant Life her Husband (as she had been informed) had for some Years led, with the whole Truth of what had to her Knowledge befallen him since, with the Prejudice it had been to his Affairs, and might probably be to his Health and Safety, in Case he still persisted in that Way ; and then discovering to him the new Project he and his Man had formed, intreated him to have that Compassion for a poor distracted Family, which his Function would readily prompt him to ; and to try, whether by sound Reasoning, and gentle Dissuasives, he could not reduce her Husband to a serious Way of Thinking, that by casting off all future Propensity to Kingdom hunting, he might remain settled and composed with his own Family.

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The Divine, Parson *Goodwill*, from the natural Benevolence of his Disposition, most readily undertook the Work ; having first remarked all that Mrs. *Bruce* had informed him of ; and the next Day, paid his old Friend *Sawney* a Visit, when expressing great Kindness for him, he invited him as the Day following to his House, where having courteously entertained him and chatted over old Stories for some Time, Mr. *Goodwill*, in order to introduce his Subject, told him he heard his late long Absence had been occasioned by Courtship, and that he had brought Home a Lady with him, when no one expected him to have been upon the Look-out for another Wife.

Sawney replied, true it was, he was married ; but that it was accidental, his Journey having been undertaken with quite another View. The Parson gave him Joy thereon, wishing him all Felicity ; but desired to know what Countrywoman his Lady was ? And how long he had been acquainted with her ?

Sawney replied she was of *Wales*, and that Marriages between Persons of Eminence waited not those tedious previous Ceremonies, which for the most Part were
intro-

introductory to Wedlock, between those of inferior Rank. That he had but seen, and taken his Lady to his Bed ; it being enough for them, to hear each others Degree in Life ; which being found agreeable to them, they met at the connubial Ceremony, but as Friends would, at an Entertainment, for better for worse. As to Love, that, in Persons of distinguished Stations, was to succeed, in Proportion to each others future Merits, and weighed the least of all the Considerations which called them together.

I must profess, Neighbour, said Mr. *Goodwill*, that I am under a Strait for your Meaning. That crowned Heads, whose Dominions lie wide from each other, are obliged one to accept the other upon Trust, and by Report only, I have often heard Examples ; and these happen, for that the Dignity of either admits not a Journey to the other, till after a Contract hath passed for Consummation ; but how a Marriage between you and your Spouse can bear the least Analogy with these great Personages, I cannot determine.

As there are Mysteries in every several State, no less are there in every several Family, replied *Sawney* ; or is it reasonable

able either should be exposed to publick Notice : It is enough, that each manages them in the most suitable Subserviency to his own Concerns, as I think, I have my own, in a peculiar Manner ; and before this Time might have reaped the fruitful Harvest of all my Labours, but for the Interposition of some envious Demons, who repining at my Felicity, and the Proceedings of my Affairs, stirred up others of their Kindred Spirits, by their base designing Artifices, to blast my Prospects, and remove me (for they durst not offer Injury to my sacred Person) for a Time, from the Protection of those Scenes so distasteful to them, but to myself so glorious.

Mr. *Goodwill* was grieved at Heart at his Neighbour's running on thus : Yet being certain, that in order to supplant Error, and introduce right Reason in its Place, the most successful Method would be to accord to him, till by gaining some notorious Advantage over him, he might shift the Scene to a more sensible Prospect ; he replied, that undoubtedly, the Demons were ever on the Watch, to take Advantage of the Remissness of Mankind in their Duties, and glad they were to find them

them tardy ; nay, stuck not at contributing their Endeavours, for promoting evil Actions in Men ; but yet, he could not conceive what they could have to do with him, who had ever demeaned himself as a peaceable Neighbour and good Subject.

Subject ! cried *Sawney*, it is my Opinion, that they neither regard Prince or Subject ; but when they are tuned to Mischief, proceed in Harmony with each other, rather to oppress the Monarch, than the Peasant ; and this, to my Cost I have experienced, when carried off by them, in a Machine of no human Contrivance, or calculated for other imaginable Purpose, than merely for the Detention of human Patients, under the Subjection of these torturing Demons, and their Associates.

My good dear Friend ! said Mr. *Goodwill*, (taking him by the Hand) what are you now speaking of ? what Machine ? what Demons are these you mention ? and what had they to do with you ? or what Violence or Prejudice have you suffered from them ?

My Story were too long to be related now, Sir, said *Sawney* ; or may revealing Mysteries of State argue my Prudence : Let it then

suffice to add, that had not the cursed Demons prevailed, for transporting me from the Prosecution of my true Interest, it might have been in my Power by this Time to have advanced you, my old Friend, to a Bishoprick ; but no more of that, Doctor, the Time is returning, when I shall make a second Effort.

I am extremely obliged to you Sir, said the Parson, for your Remembrance of me ; and as it becomes not me to be deaf to my own Interest, since you make the Cause thereby in some Measure my own ; know, Sir, that I have a most effectual Charm against evil Spirits, and Demons of all Kinds, that not one of the most malignant of them can withstand.

Say you so, Sir ? said *Sawney* ; I must intreat you, for the Sake of our long seasoned Amity, that you conceal not so valuable a Nostrum from me ; since it may not only procure my Establishment in supreme Authority in the State, but be a Means also, whereby I may promote my good Friend to the chief Dignity in the Church : For setting aside the infernal Operations of these malicious Powers, what can oppose my Arrival to the Throne and Dignity of my great Ancestors ? But pray
Doctor,

Doctor, added *Sawney*, perfect me in the Charm, and then, assure yourself of a Place in my Favour, inferior to none of your Cloth, whomsoever.

The Parson replying, that it would be previously necessary for him to be informed, what Throne and Dignity it was *Sawney* spake of; hoped, he said, he was in Pursuit only of his own Rights; in which Case, he need not doubt the specifick Virtue of his Charm; but, if his Aims were directed to any malevolent Ends, (whilst he still retained Purposes of prosecuting them) himself would give the Devil such Advantage against him, as no Charm could be capable of subverting; therefore, desired him to declare himself freely thereon, as it would be a Trust reposed in him, to be conserved inviolably.

C H A P. XVIII.

Prosecutes the Parson's and Sawney's Argument. Sawney convinced of his Error. Becomes a new Man.

SAWNEY having paused for a considerable Space upon the Parson's Demand ; Doctor, said he, you have long been acquainted with my Name ; and, no Doubt, have read of one of the same Name ruling over the *Scottish* Nation. I have so, said the Parson. Now Doctor, added Sawney, he had a Right to the Government of that Kingdom, hereditary to him and his Heirs ; then who but his next and immediate Heir ought to sit at the Helm there ?

So it should seem, indeed, said Mr. *Goodwill* ; but I think his Right was not so clear as to be incontestable, tho' his Sword might happen to be the longest ; but to pass by that, and to take his Right for granted ; who knows, but some Alterations in the State may have rendered such inheriting of his Rights impracticable. That is the very Thing, cried
Sawney,

Sawney, for present Discussion. I say, myself am that Heir; nor hath, or ever had, all the Powers on Earth a Right to dispossess me of my regular Patrimony; but my Title still subsisting by Birth-right, my Subjects are indispensibly bound to render me all due Allegiance, and to oppose Innovation in the Monarchy, with the last Drops of their Blood: For which Reason, I had been preparing for an Embarkation to that Kingdom, of sufficient Forces to have settled me in that Monarchy, 'till those plaguy Demons interrupted me, and brought me quite Home again.

I confess, said the Parson, you had engaged in a most glorious Cause, and great Pity it is, that you had not made Friends with the Demons before you had undertaken it; nay, I could even wish to have been of your Party, as Promotion must have been the Consequent to my Attachment to the Prince of the Country.

Sawney catching the Parson by the Hand, My dear good Friend, said he, I have calculated another Journey to *Wales*, from whence I am to lead off my Forces, and you shall be my first Chaplain; for I must now let you somewhat into my

secret History : That the Lady now my Wife, is no less a Person than the hereditary Princess of that Country, who, upon my uniting her to the Crown of Scotland, hath renounced her Pretensions to that Principality to Prince *David*, who now participates of my Fortune as Fate shall determine for us.

Sir, replied Mr. *Goodwill*, I shall ever be most zealous for engaging in any laudable Undertaking, and especially with so worthy a Friend as yourself; but, as it becomes every Man, from Motives of common Prudence, to frame his Actions cautiously and deliberately, and to proceed no farther with them, than that shall dictate to him; so neither is any Man intitled to Success, who steers by other Principles: You will excuse me therefore, if, before I set my Hand to so great a Work, I enquire which are the Springs that are to guide and regulate this grand Procedure, and from what Foundation you can raise your Probabilities of Success: For as these deviate more or less from Prudence and sound Judgment, so may we either avail ourselves of our Schemes, or miscarry in them.

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As to that Sir, said *Sawney*, the principal Motive is, real and indefectible Right; which, let me tell you, with considering People, as the *Scots* are, will preponderate to every other Consideration. It ought so, I'll allow it, said Mr. *Goodwill*, whilst that remains unimpeach'd; but there are so many Methods of Novel Acquirements of Right, (every Possession bearing the Face of it) that any one of them alone is sufficient for most Monarchs Titles. Nay, when even surreptitious Titles come to be established, either by Compact, or the subsequent unanimous Voice of the People, what Room is there left to dispute them?

Sometimes, Conquest gaining a Title, maintains itself against all Opposition by Violence; sometimes, from the Misconduct of one Ruler, the People's Sufferings inspire them to the Election of another, more agreeable; sometimes Incapacity for Government shall cause the Heir to give Place to one better disposed, and capacitated, for maintaining both the Dignity of the State, and the Liberty of the People; and lastly, the Principles of the Prince, clashing with the Constitution in Church and State, are

a Cause of Eviction. All these seem to be, and are used, and held as sufficient Causes for diverting the hereditary Issues of the Crown into a new Channel : So that to me, it matters little by what Means the Prince ascends the Throne; his Fixture there is sure, lawful, and laudable, whilst the People, duly sensible of the Justice of his Administration, not only adore him for his Virtue, but defend him for their own Security. Now whether you would purpose to obtain your Ends by Conquest, Succession to a Vacancy, or by the Call of the People, in Prejudice to the present Possessor, I would gladly be informed? as from thence alone it is, that I can form some Judgment of a felicitous Event.

Sawney having considered little more in his random Proceedings, than the being a great Man, the Parson had greatly the Advantage over him; but as he was obliged to answer the Question proposed to him, he replied, that tho' he purposed to pass into *Scotland* with an Army, in case of the Worst; yet his chief Reliance would be upon the Good-will of the People to him their natural Lord. I presume, said Mr. *Goodwill*, you have been scrupulously nice in the Deduction of your Pedigree; so as to be able, incontestibly,

testibly, to demonstrate yourself to be next Heir of the Male Line, to the Person you would claim under. Yes, yes, said *Sawney*, they may take my Word for that ; I being the Son of *Robert*, who was the Son of *Glendour*, who was the Son of —

All this may be very true, said Mr. *Goodwill*, (interrupting him) tho' I don't see how you should come to the punctual Knowledge of Facts, so long before your Time, unless your Descent hath been recorded by some authentick Act, which may still support the Credit of it. — Act, replied *Sawney*, why, I have an old Family Bible, that has recorded as high as *Hugoson Bruce*, and what is more easy in all Nature, than for a Child to trace it from him to *Robert Bruce*, the Founder of my House; but however, when once I am fixed upon the Throne, I shall have the Examination of all publick Records in my own Power, and shall then be able to make it out, as clear as a Whistle.

My dear Friend! said the Parson, you gallop where you should but amble, and trot where you ought to creep only. You fly away to the Conclusion, without well examining the Premises. Did ever any Man build his House, before he had collected

lected the Materials? What you would propose as the Work of a Week to compleat, would take any reasonable Man an Age to prepare for. I am afraid, you have not well ballanced, and digested the Difficulties, the Rebuffs, the Dangers, consequent on such an Undertaking as you seem designed for.

Should I, as Heir at Law to King *David*, lay Claim to the Kingdom of *Judea*, and post away to *Jerusalem* to take Possession of it; I doubt not, but I should have a greater Army of vagabond *Jews* at my Heels, than you can count Souls in *Scotland*, all ready to admit any Title, that themselves might once more have a Shew of Government amongst them; nor could I blame such a dispersed, and out-cast Generation, for assembling themselves under any Head, that might but incorporate them again: But for a People at Ease, under a gracious and generous Prince, by whom they have been long ruled with Lenity, in the strictest Security of their Property, Laws, and Liberty; for such a People I say, to run a madding after Innovation and Change, for the Sake of they know neither whom, or what; and that, to the Loss of every the valuable Blessings they now enjoy,

enjoy, without other Hope or Prospect before them than of becoming wretched, despised, miserable, and abandoned to the Severity of the Punishments which would be justly due to such Delinquency, would be such a Piece of Extravagance, as could no where meet with a Countenance from the Annals of past Ages, and must absolutely tend to their own Overthrow.

Why, then, my worthy Friend, continued Mr. *Goodwill*, should you conceive so meanly of your Countrymen (as you call them) as to imagine they would, for your Sake alone, not only engage in their own Confusion, but in such an Action, as the whole World must condemn them for; save a few lawless Persons, perhaps, who already secreting themselves from Justice for past Crimes, may hope to suck Consolation from the general Ruin of their Country?

Mr. *Goodwill*, said *Sweeney*, I am amazed at the serious Air with which you would countenance this Accumulation of Inconsistencies. Surely you are ignorant how joyfully I was received in *Wales*, where I was promised the whole Strength of the Country to further my Designs: Nay, how honoured did they think themselves

selves in my Alliance with their beloved Princess, whose Rights they strenuously insisted upon my securing to *Scotland*, before they would admit of a Competitor for their Sovereignty ; and shall you now tell me, that none but the Profligate, and Ruiners of their Country, would espouse my Cause ! I expected other Treatment, for my benevolent Sentiments towards you ; but I have ever remarked, that the narrowest Souls skulk under the Gown and Cassock.

Having thus said, *Sawney* arose in a violent Rage, seized his Hat, and was flying the Pit ; when the Parson, unwilling to have his Work to begin again at another Time, taking him by the Hand, and squeezing it ; My noble Friend, said he, you are too warm ; cool yourself a little, and wax temperate ; you shall not find in me the Enemy you suspect, when calm Reason only biasses you. I may have explained myself too freely ; but you shall presently see we shall be both of a Mind, when I have advanced a Step further with you.

Scotland, added Mr. *Goodwill*, you say you have never as yet been in. I have not, replied *Sawney* ; but in *Wales*, rejoined Mr. *Goodwill*, you have been, and from the Treatment

Treatment you met with in this last Place, you form your Judgment of what your Reception will be in *Scotland*. I have determined to take that, for the Rule of this, said *Sawney*.

Hear me then patiently, said the Parson. Suppose I should convince you, that the Kindnesses offered to you by your *Welsh* Friends, were so void of all beneficial Foundation towards you, that they were meerly designed for their own Diversion, and your Deception. Suppose again, that I should be able to convince you, that instead of a Princess (as you imagine your Lady to be) you have married only a Chamber-maid; tho' of those, I must allow, a most worthy one. And lastly, suppose I should also convince you, that instead of Spectres and Demons conducting you Home, in a Machine of their own Contrivance, you was ludicrously packed up in a Deer Pen, meerly to clear the Country of you; will you still believe that these Men ever meant to advance you to a Diadem?

Sawney, who had hitherto bitten his Lips for Anguish, clapping his Hand smartly against the Table, protested, that if the Parson proceeded a Word further, in Degregation of his *Welsh* Friends Affection to him,

him, he would not answer, but he might be transported to some such Act of Violence, as they might both repent to their dying Moments: For that it was beneath a Man of Honour, tamely to tolerate Indignities offered to his Benefactors; he therefore advised him to drop the Subject, unless he could acquit himself with more Decency and Respect upon it.

Mr. *Goodwill* then replying, that he had no ways, positively, impeached the Characters of his *Welch* Friends, or the Credit of any Part of his Narration; but had only put the Case by Way of Supposal, which no prudent Man could condemn: For that suppose it should prove as *Sawney* had said, the Truth would then be confirmed in the Establishment of his Assertions, beyond all future Contradiction; but if it should prove otherwise, himself would rejoice at an Opportunity of distinguishing his Friends from his Enemies.

Begging then only Leave to state the Case by way of Supposal, that Matters really stood as he supposed them; he demanded, what Opinion *Sawney* must then have of his *Welch*, and consequently of his *Scottish* Friends, whose Fidelity he estimated but comparatively with the *Welch*?

To

To which *Sawney* replied, that for Argument Sake only, he would for once suffer the Supposal, that he might have the Pleasure of confuting it. Nay, further protested, that could it be proved to him to a Demonstration, that he had been imposed upon by the *Welch*, in the several Instances the Parson had mentioned, he should ever after esteem it such a Blemish upon his Character, that he would thenceforth confine himself to his own Estate, nor ever more travel in quest of Kingdoms, whilst he had Breath to draw: For that if it had been possible for him to have been deceived in the late Instance, he could never in any other be certain that he was not.

The Parson struck him there, assuring him, he would produce undeniable Evidence before the Bottle was out; but insisted on his Promise, never to reflect upon the Evidence, for whatever had before passed; and then Mr. *Goodwill* sent away for Mrs. *Bruce*, who, well apprized of all that she should be interrogated to, no sooner appeared in her Husband's Presence, than she fell upon her Knees before him, intreating both his Permission for her declaring the unreserved Truth, and Pardon for what-
ever

ever Part she might have acted culpably in, to his Imagination.

Sawney, captivated by the Humility of his Wife, and the dutiful Manner wherein she addressed him, assured her of his Favour and Affection; then being interrogated by the Parson, her Replies were so favourable to his Assertions, that *Sawney* was quite confounded; and at last, after many and violent Struggles in his own Breast, acknowledged his absolute Conviction.

The Parson then insisted, that as they were Man and Wife, tho' her Fortune might not equal some others that he might have gained; yet, that her Qualifications for rendering him happy would amply compensate for the Deficiency; to which *Sawney* could not, but in Justice to her Prudence, he said, assent; so that after some Time spent in reducing his soaring Imagination to the Pitch of a quiet Subject, he declared, that in case his *Edy* would but prove a loving and discreet Wife to him, he should esteem his Journey to *Wales*, tho' it answered not his aspiring Purposes, to have redounded ultimately to his more enduring Happiness.

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From this Instant, *Sawney* becoming another Man, *Edy* joined Forces in laughing *David* and his Wife out of all Hopes of their Principality; and *Edgar*, living comfortably upon his Farm in the Neighbourhood, no People ever dwelt more friendly together, for several Years, than these three Couples, in constant Harmony and good Fellowship; *Edy* turning out one of the best of Wives, and contributing her Endeavours, solely, towards making *Sawney's* latter End agreeable to him; or served their former Flights to other Purpose, than frequently to create them Mirth over their Ale, in the Winter Evenings.

F I N I S.